

SPORTS

A color photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a light-colored shirt. He is looking upwards with a pained or intense expression, his mouth open as if shouting or crying. The background is a blurred landscape with green hills and a blue sky.

ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 25, 1955
25 CENTS



The Car That "Swept the Field" at Daytona . . .

CHRYSLER 300

It's the most breathtaking car to drive you've ever known! You'll be off and away in this brilliant new low-slung beauty to the throaty roar of 300 hp — the greatest, safest power in any American car. You'll feel the same thrill that today's most avid sports-car enthusiasts enjoy . . . the same light-handed, light-footed control and ground-gripping security.

In a Chrysler 300 you can enjoy the same *flushing performance* that won 1st and 2nd places in the 1955 NASCAR Daytona Beach

"Flying Mile," at speeds over 130 mph — plus the safe maneuverability and endurance that swept 1st and 2nd places in the 100-mile Grand National stock car race. For the sleek and stunning new CHRYSLER 300 . . . in regular, though limited production . . . has the same road-hugging look, feel, and safety that have made the Chrysler name famous in the world's greatest road races.

Arrange for a drive today . . . your Chrysler Dealer is the man to see!

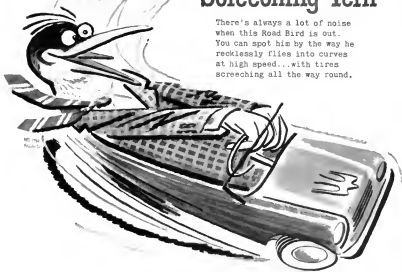
AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL STOCK CAR

Brake HP: 300 @ 5200 rpm . . .
Comp. Ratio: 8.5 to 1 . . . Two
4-barrel carburetors . . . Special
suspension for maximum corner-
ing, road-hugging performance
and control . . . PowerFlite
Automatic Transmission . . .
Power Brakes . . . Dual exhaust
system . . . Wheelbase: 126
inches . . . Over-all length: 219
inches . . . Height: 58.6 inches.

THE

Screeching Tern

There's always a lot of noise when this Road Bird is out. You can spot him by the way he recklessly flies into curves at high speed...with tires screeching all the way round.



THE

Smart Bird

knows a curve sign really means "Slow Down!" And that screaming tires warn that he hasn't full control of his car.

The Smart Bird also does himself a good turn when it comes to buying gasoline. He always stops at the premium pump. That way he gets higher-octane gasoline for top mileage, performance and engine protection.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION

Which club would you use?



1. 4th at Baltusard, Springfield, N.J. 163 yard par 3. Trap behind, steep slope back to water, large hump at left center of green make shot ticklish. At 1954 National Open, most players used No. 4 irons. Clubs shown: San Sneed Signature Woods and Irons.



2. 17th at Medinah, Medinah, Ill. 238 yard par 3. Few bunkers here. Tee shot is all carry across lake to elevated sandtrief green. Two side-traps make shot tight. Professionals' choice: No. 3 wood. Clubs shown: Gene Sarazen Signature Woods and Irons.



3. 8th at Pebble Beach, Pebble Beach, Calif. 425 yard par 4. An exacting dog-leg right. Wind uphill tee shot leaves 2nd across cliff-lined, 180-yard elbow of Carmel Bay. Off a perfect tee shot, a No. 6 iron home. Clubs shown: San Sneed Champion-Lup Woods and Irons.

Any one of these 3 sets of Wilson clubs can do big things for your golf! There are a lot of reasons why. Streamlined iron heads that increase the power-hitting area on each face. Strata-Bloc woods that shut out moisture to maintain constant weight and "feel." The reminder grip that squares your

club face to your line-of-fire. These aren't advantages that only benefit par-busters. These are basic design features that save every golfer shots.

In America today, more golfers play Wilson than any other clubs. Get the "feel" of a set wherever quality sports equipment is sold.



PLAY THE GREAT WILSON K-28
Ideal compression gives maximum distance. Perfect balance assures true flight and roll.

Wilson . . . world's largest manufacturer of sports equipment

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO • Branch offices in New York, San Francisco and 26 other principal cities.
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention.
Copyright 1955 by Time Inc.

CONTENTS

- 4 **SCOREBOARD** and Week's Winners
13 **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** SI's editors report and reflect on the news
17 **SPECTACLE** The Turf Club at Santa Anita photographed in COLOR by BOB LANDRY
26 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** As the camera sees it
72 **COMING EVENTS**

SI proudly presents

TENZING'S OWN STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

In the first of four installments the great Sherpa climber, with JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, recounts his early years in Nepal and how he pursued his dream of becoming a mountain man

22 THE A'S FINO FRIENDS IN COWTOWN

Kansas City threw out the welcome mat for the underprivileged Athletics, who showed their gratitude by winning their first game in their new home town. By GERALD HOLLAND, with photographs by HY PESKIN

32 BASEBALL? IT'S ALL IN THE MIND

At least, in the mind of the discerning spectator who is herewith challenged (along with fans both veteran and new) with some commonly neglected elements that determine strategy. By JEREMIAH TAYLOR

56 FLIES AND LINES: THE BEST FOR TROUT

Four angling authorities reveal their pet flies for early fishing from East to West in three pages IN COLOR, and one of them—TED THREBLOD—also discusses the startling new developments in fly lines



COVER: Tenzing Norgay

Photograph by R. SATAKOPAN

His shoulders covered with vermillion powder sprinkled on him as a sign of adulation by Nepalese villagers, Tenzing Norgay smiles in triumph after descending from the summit of Mount Everest, which he reached with Sir Edmund Hillary in 1953. For new pictures of Tenzing and his family today, and the first installment of his own life story, see page 56.

Acknowledgments on page 65

THE DEPARTMENTS

- 6 **Hothot:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Where do you think your team will finish in the pennant race this year? (Asked of major league baseball managers)
- 41 **Sporting Look:** The annual Bermuda College Week now features fashions as well as frolic
- 44 **Golf:** The President of the U.S. takes to the links in a distinguished foursome
- 45 **Tip from the Top:** GENE ANDERSEN of the Oystice Harbors Club discusses a proven method for curing that worst of all golf diseases, the shank
- 46 **Column of the Week:** ARTHUR DALEY discusses Robinson's anti-double play strategy
- 48 **Motor Sports:** JOHN BENTLEY takes a happy whirl in the Jaguar XK140M/C
- 51 **Gardening:** PHILIP WYLIE speaks up for that great sport: yard fixing
- 53 **Harsari:** ALBION HUGHES foresees a match race between Nashua and Summer Tan
- 55 **Keep in the Pink:** How to cope with the ubiquitous tick who is now out for blood
- 63 **Fisherman's Calendar:** ED ZERN with the latest reports from the lakes, rivers and sea
- 66 **Bowling:** VICTOR KALMAN reports on the duckpins and their fellows
- 69 **Under 21:** DUANE DECKER tells how a Yankee rookie-to-be gets started
- 70 **Yesterday:** JOHN O'REILLY recalls a furore in feathers of not-quite-so-long ago
- 73 **The 19th Hole:** The readers take over
- 76 **Pat on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it

The cover and entire contents of Sports Illustrated are fully protected by copyright in the United States and in foreign countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without written permission.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE WOOD MEMORIAL

EDDIE ARCADE, usually up on Nashua, this time is up for SI with an analysis of his mount's performance against Sumner Tan, which WITTEN TOWER reports in detail

THE RELAYS: TRACK'S SPRING FLOWERING

Relay racing is getting bigger and bigger, and ROBERT CREAMER here sums up the subject. With four pages of Penn Relays IN COLOR

TENZING: TIGER OF EVEREST

Part II of the life story of Everest's conqueror, in which he recounts the expeditions which culminated in the great effort

PLUS: A TALE OF BOYS AND BASEBALL BY JEROME WEIDMAN; AND HUNTING WITH FRANCO. IN COLOR

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Lonnie Spurrier**, sensational San Francisco Olympic Club runner who unexpectedly cracked half-mile world record March 26, rared 1,060 yards in 2:08.5, broke U.S. outdoor mark of 2:09.3 (set in 1938) in special race at Berkeley, Calif. ● **Jim Brewer**, 16-year-old North Phoenix, Ariz. high school sophomore, who used to do his pole vaulting in bare feet, shifted to spiked shoes, cleared 14 feet 2 inches, bettered national interscholastic record in Arizona Relays at Tempe. ● **Charles Dumas** of Los Angeles'

Centennial High School leaped 6 feet 7½ inches, shattered 17-year-old national interscholastic high jump mark at Englewood, Calif. ● **Mary Kok**, slight but powerful 14-year-old Dutch youngster, swam 106-meter butterfly in 1:13.8 at Alkmaar, The Netherlands, accounted for her second world record in two weeks. ● **Betsy Woodward**, 26, of Ridewood, Md. soared 40,160 feet in air in Pratt-Reed glider, claimed new women's world altitude standard for single-place glider at Bishop, Calif.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers got off to flying start in National League, won first six games, thumped Pittsburgh Pirates 6-1, 4-0, 10-3, 3-2, edged New York Giants 10-6, 6-3. Dodgers got good pitching from Carl Erskine, Johnny Podres, Billy Loos and Russ Meyer, who set Pirates down with two hits, and some lusty hitting from Outfielder Carl Furillo, who bashed four home runs in first three games.

Philadelphia's star righthander, Robin Roberts, hurled 8 1/3 hitless innings in opener against Giants, was tagged for three blows in ninth, won 4-2, came back later in tie to beat New Yorkers by same score as Phillies swept doubleheader, moved into second place with 4-1 mark.

Chicago Cubs took four of first six games with Cincinnati and St. Louis, held third place, half-game ahead of Milwaukee and Cardinals.

Willie Mays's spring slump continued and New York Giants' hitting and pitching were spotty as Leo Durocher's world champions dropped first three games, beat Phillies 8-3, then lost two more to same club, nestled in sixth place.

Pittsburgh lost first five games, found itself in familiar last-place spot in National League standings.

Boston Red Sox, not yet missing absent Ted Williams, ripped off four wins over Baltimore, split pair of games with New York Yankees, took over top spot in American League. Faye Throneberry, Williams' replacement in left field, hit three homers, while Third Baseman Ted Lepore hit same number during week.

Cleveland Indians showed championship form, were close behind Red Sox thanks to top-notch pitching of veteran Bob Lemas, who tossed pair of five-hitlers, beat Chicago White Sox, 5-1, 4-2, and Herb Score, talented rookie lefthander, who made major league debut with 7-3 win over Detroit Tigers. Score overcame shaky start, struck out nine, walked nine.

New York Yankees stifled cocky Charley Hooten with 19-1 thrashing of Washington Senators as Whitey Ford twirled two-hitter in opener, split next four games with Nats and Red Sox, showed good pitching, hitting strength.

Detroit's Al Kaline, 20-year-old outfielder, smashed three home runs, two in one inning to tie major league record, led Tigers to 16-0 win over hapless Kansas City at night's end.

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings took 3-0 lead on pair of goals by Alex Delvecchio, demoted center, and defeated shot by sharpshooting

Gordie Howe, held on to whip Montreal Canadiens 3-1 for fourth time in seven-game series, skated off with Stanley Cup at Detroit. Jimmy Skinner, Red Wings' first-year coach who brought Detroit through to two-point edge over Canadiens during regular season for seventh straight National Hockey League title, accepted congratulations on his feat, wearily commented: "I'm tired and I want to take a bath."

BOXING

Carl (Boho) Olson, impassive middleweight titleholder from San Francisco seeking more fertile fields to conquer, was heaviest of career at 169 pounds, sported brand new crewcut, mustache and right-hand power, surprised flashy (even at announced 175 pounds), 33-year-old Joey Maxim with lethal two-fisted attack, battered as-light heavyweight champion to canvas with savage combinations in second and ninth rounds, kept up lightninglike barrage all way to win easy 16-round decision at San Francisco, confidently set sights on Archie Moore's light heavyweight crown. Victory-flashed Manager Sid Finkelty exclaimed: "Olson is ready for Moore tomorrow—here, Chicago or New York... anywhere for a \$150,000 guarantee."

Sugar Ray Robinson, flashing best form of comeback campaign, took it easy for two rounds, smashed Ted Olla with series of thunderous rights to head in third, had rugged young middleweight in bad shape when referee stopped fight at Milwaukee.

Pascual Perez, Argentina's world flyweight champion, showed President Peron and 25,000 cheering countrymen sample of his skill, floored Alberto Barenghi twice before unloading knockout punch in third round of non-title scrap at Buenos Aires.

Billy Graham, 32-year-old veteran welterweight contender, who came within one vote of winning title from Kid Gavilan in 1951, announced retirement in New York. Graham, master boxer who won 102 times, fought nine draws, lost 15 (nine by split decision), was never knocked out in 126 bouts in 14 years, slowed down perceptibly in last 12 months, dropped decisions to Chris Christensen, Ramon Fuentes and Chico Vejar, decided to quit while he still has good health and "some money."

FOOTBALL

NCAA and NBC announced 1955 program of eight games to be televised nationally, gave fans something to look forward to. The full schedule: Sept. 17—Miami at Georgia Tech; Oct. 1—Ohio State at Stanford; Oct. 15—Notre Dame at Michigan State; Oct. 29—Iowa at Michigan; Nov. 19—UCLA at Southern California;

Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving Day)—Texas at Texas A&M; Nov. 26—Army vs. Navy; Dec. 3—North Carolina at Duke. Still to come: Five sets of regional telecasts.

GOLF

Sam Snead, sweet swinger from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., came from behind in last round, birdied final hole for 273 total, tossed out Art Wall of Peconic Manor, Pa. and newlywed Julius Beers of Bridgeport, Conn. by single stroke to win Greater Greensboro, N.C. Open for fifth time, registered his first major tournament victory since last spring.

Betty Jamesen, veteran San Antonio, Texas stylist, set course record with sparkling first-round 65, added cautious 71 and 74, held eight-stroke (210 to 218) lead over Patty Berg of St. Andrews, Ill. at finish, romped off with top money in Babe Zaharias Open at Beaumont, Texas. Babe Zaharias was 13th with 230.

HORSE RACING

Boston Dogs, flashy little unbeaten 3-year-old sprinter, sped to easy 2½-length victory in six-furlong \$34,300 Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, Md. for 10th straight win, brought earnings to \$85,720, once again made Asadino brothers glad they were unable to sell him for \$7,500 last year.

C. V. Whitney's small but mighty Fisherman gave away weight to rest of field, was held off early pace by Jockey Hedley Woodhouse but took over lead with three furlongs to go and then beat off Joe Jones's determined bid to take \$29,500 Elizabeth Handicap by three-quarters of length in 1:45 for 1 1/16th mile at Jamaica, N.Y.

The Jockey Club, racing's exclusive parent organization, elected four prominent horsemen, brought membership to 63. Those elected: Tyson Gilpin, president of Virginia Horsemen's Association, breeder, expert in field of auctions and dispersal sales, judging conformation and bloodlines; P. A. R. Widener 3rd, grandson of late Joseph E. Widener, operator of Kentucky's Elk Hill Farm; Daniel Van Cleet, master of Nydrie Stud at Epsom, Va.; Cetrighi Wetherill, owner of Happy Hill Farm, prominent hunt meeting patron.

ROWING

Navy's varsity crew with five new men in boat made debut, showed it would be tough to beat. Middle's smooth-rowing newcomers got early jump on Princeton, won by 2½ lengths in near-flawless performance, extended winning streak to 30 at Princeton, N.J. In other Eastern opener, Columbia outrowed Rutgers by more than three lengths at New Brunswick, N.J.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

Where do you think your team will finish in the pennant race this year? (Asked of major league baseball managers)

BIRDIE TERRETT'S, Cincinnati Redlegs:



"The National League is too tough to pick. There's not a bad team in the league. We have power, defense and experience. Our veteran pitchers could be solid starters. Kluszcwski, Bell, Greengrass, Post and Jablonski swing big sticks. If our key players hold we should finish higher than last year."

CHARLEY GRIMM, Milwaukee Braves:



"We have as good a chance as anybody. With Bobby Thomson back we have more power and a stronger bench. Our pitching is still very good. We expect a great year from Hank Aaron and Catcher Crandall, who was handicapped by injuries last season. Over all, we're stronger in a wide open race."

FRED HANEY, Pittsburgh Pirates:



"We're still building. We now have a start on our foundation. Our main objective has always been first place. Since there are so many good teams in the National League it takes time to get there. Even if we don't get out of the cellar, this could be the best last-place team in the league's history."

HORACE STONEHAM, President of New York Giants:



"Leo Durocher does not like to predict a pennant race. To my knowledge, he never has done so. Personally I think we can win again. My club is at least as good as last year. But there's a tough fight ahead. Every club is improved. As an example, Pittsburgh finished second in the citrus league."

PAUL RICHARDS, Baltimore Orioles:



"We'll finish as high as we possibly can with our material. It will depend on the relative strength of our opponents. The Orioles are improved over last year. Success or failure might depend on the pitching. Our newcomers include Byrd, Miller, Fallica and Moser. Their arms carry the answer."

STAN HACK, Chicago Cubs:



"I honestly can't predict. We're shooting for the first division. We have improved through trades and the addition of young players from our farm system. Our speed, power and infield are good. How well we'll do depends in part on how much the other seven clubs have bettered themselves."

WALTER ALSTON, Brooklyn Dodgers:



"Many experts have picked us to win the pennant. I'll go along with them. Spring training has solved most of my problems. The hitting and pitching are improved. Don Newsome has returned to form. Podres is sound and we have Karl Spooner. The rest of the team will take care of itself."

MARTY MARION, Chicago White Sox:



"We can go all the way. Our offense has been strengthened by the addition of Drope, Nieman, Bride-wasser and Courtney. Our defense is still the best in the league. It's been tops in the circuit for the last three years. Our pitching, which left little to be desired last year, is now stronger."

AL LOPEZ, Cleveland Indians:



"I think we should win again. We have the same club and we've added Ralph Kiner and Score. Kiner should give us added punch, and Score should strengthen our already superlative pitching staff. I don't think we'll lose four straight again if we play the Giants in the World Series."

CASEY STENGEL, New York Yankees:



"Our club should be a contender all the way. Berra, Howard and Rivera make a splendid catching staff. First, second and short

are well fortified. With Andy Carey, a .300 hitter, we're strong at third. We have a truly great outfield, but the pitching staff is uncertain. If it comes through, we'll win."

EDDIE STANKY, St. Louis Cardinals:



"We can finish from first to sixth in a most evenly balanced league. With the addition of Rookies Ken Boyer and Bill Virdon

this is the fastest and best defensive club I've managed. With players like Musial, Schoendienst, Moon and Repulisti, we'll go as far as our pitching carries us."

**NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:**

Is your native sport as
exciting as baseball
and football?
(Asked at the United Nations)



Worth Hunting for!

Hunt as far and as long as you will, you won't find a Scotch Whisky to match Black & White. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 95.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



this gearshift is fun!

PORSCHE SYNCHRO RING TRANSMISSION

Swift, smooth, effortless as a transmission can be, PORSCHE-developed synchro rings are a masterpiece of simplicity. They permit shifting almost without pause in high speeds. First gear, too, is a synchronized driving gear. In traffic, on hairpin curves, or on the straightaway, PORSCHE synchro rings will give you new driving thrills.



Continental

A luxuriously hand-finished coupe of timeless comfort, incorporating every latest feature of modern engineering.

PORSCHE

Various Porsche models now available from \$2995, delivered N.Y.C.

Dealers from Coast to Coast

U. S. A. Distributor: **HOFFMAN-PORSCHE CAR CORPORATION**, 443 Park Ave., New York 22



Wear Aertex—"the world's coolest shirt"

AMERICAN sportsmen have come to the same conclusion as Hathaway—that an English fabric called Aertex is the world's coolest shirting. Aertex literally ventilates you. For a shirt of Aertex contains a million invisible windows—each one open to the air.

Tailored in the great Hathaway tradition, Aertex pullover shirts come in solid colors and cheerful checks. They are washable and shrinkproof. Price—\$6.95, at better stores only. For the name of your nearest store, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
PRESIDENT

Henry R. Luce
Roy K. Larson

Managing Editor: Sidney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnston
News Editor: John Tibby

Associate Editors

Peter Barrett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Percy Kesteven, Paul O'Neil, Jerome Segler, Eugene Welch, Richard Walters, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Gerald Astor, Ezra Bowen, Robert Creamer, Apollo Crichton, N. Lee Groom, Macgregor Miller, Cokes Pimney, Henry J. Romney, Elaine St. Maure, Frederick Smith, Whitney Tower, Reginald Wells, William H. White.

Staff Photographers

Mark Kauffman, Richard Meek, Hy Podgin.

Reporters

William Chapman (Associated), Honor Fitzpatrick (U.S. of America), Paul Abrahamson, Robert H. Boyle, Helen Brooks, Jane Farley, Mirren Hyman, Virginia Kraft, Martin Loran, Mary Snow, Dorothy Strick, Ann Weiler, Lester Woodcock, Jo Ahera Zell.

Assistants

Arthur L. Brawley (Editorial Production), Irene Bond (Copy Desk), William Bernstein, Betty Dick, Maryanne Grawick, Harvey Gurt, Dorothy Marx, Eleanor Milosovic, Martin Nathan, Al Zingaro.

Special Contributors

BASEBALL: Red Smith, BOATING: Robert Sawyer Jr.; BOWLING: Victor Kaiman; BOXING: Bud Schulberg; PLAYING: Bill Mauldin; FOOTBALL: Herman Harkness; Golf: Herbert Warren Wood; HORSE RACING: Adrian Hughes; HUNTING & FISHING: Clyde Carley, David Costello, Ted Jones, Hart Stilwell, Philip Wyle; KID ZONE: Milton Sporn; John Bentley; NATHAN: John O'Reilly; TENNIS: William F. Tallant; TRAVEL: Horace Sutton, Frank 21; DANCE: Decker; WOMAN'S BUSINESS: Letitia Weidman.

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates 1 yr. \$7.50, U.S., Canada and other foreign countries; 1 yr. \$10. Please address all correspondence concerning SUBSCRIPTIONS to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 2 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Please address all subscription correspondence to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 510 N. Dearborn Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires four weeks' notice. When ordering changes, please name magazine and furnish address original from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, AERIAL, YOUNG, PUNCH and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Mason, President, Roy E. Lott; Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Schiller; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Bromhaugh; Vice President, Bernard Barnes; Allen Grover, Andrew Bonick, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. L. Penner, Correspondent and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

AFTER a brief absence from the office a few weeks ago, I returned to find our editors in a state of pleased excitement: they had just acquired magazine rights to *Tiger of the Snows*, the autobiography of Tenzing Norgay, co-conqueror of Everest. The first of four installments begins in this issue of *SL*.

I was drawn at once into our editors' enthusiasm, which comes not only from the great story that Tenzing has to tell but also from the writing talents of James Ramsey Ullman, to whom he told it—and the magnificent result of getting these two men together.

When he turned forty a few years ago, Ullman regretfully abandoned a dream he had carried with him ever since 1927. In that year, as a vacationing Princeton sophomore, he first saw the great peaks of the Swiss Alps (and made his first ascents of the Matterhorn and Jungfrau). He has dreamed, as most men who climb mountains for the love of them must, of one day climbing Everest.

That is why, when the chance came last year to work on the autobiography of Tenzing, one of the two men in the world for whom the dream *did* come true, Ullman spent no time on formal acceptance. He headed straight for India, leaving behind a paper trail of personal signatures and powers of attorney for others to unravel in settling the details of publication.

In a career essentially given over to writing (including *The White Tower*, *River of the Sun*, and *Window's Way*, all best sellers) Ullman has climbed more than enough mountains to know the force behind and the goal ahead of men who climb them. He has climbed the Alps, Andes and Rockies, reached crater rims in Mexico and Hawaii, and seen the world from Mt. Olympus. He knows *why* men climb, and *how* they do it.

Perhaps mountaineers have a special quality among men, and almost surely the one who attains the next-to-impossible has a special quality among mountaineers.

In his introduction to *Tiger of the Snows*, Ullman writes: "I think that even if I had never heard of Everest, I could still have recognized the rare and wonderful quality of the man . . . And whatever the ultimate verdict on our collaboration, I, for one, at least, am already content; for no work I have ever done has given me deeper satisfaction."

It is a satisfaction, I believe, which all who read of Tenzing's life will share with James Ramsey Ullman.

Harry Phillips



TENZING AND ULLMAN



B.H. Wragge

brings on the patio coast and proves that an easy-over-all summer coat can be loaded with fun and flair. It's straight, slimming, sophisticated in a lay-river stripe on imported quilted linen. The colors are pure B. H. Wragge fun—bayou brown, dolphin gray, butterfly yellow, hummingbird blue, island magic orange. Sizes 8 to 16. \$79.95.* Shown over a sleeveless imported-linen sheath. In bayou brown, dolphin gray, butterfly yellow, hibiscus red and iceberg white. Sizes 8 to 18. \$39.95.* At Bonwit Teller, all stores, and Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

FROM TEE TO GREEN....



Pros and amateurs by the score report

HANDICAPS REDUCED BY AS MUCH AS $\frac{1}{3}$!

SYNCHRO-DYNED[®] eliminates those wasted shots from "half-swinging" and "choking-up"! Gives you a uniform "swing-feel" with every club!

Every golfer has one club that's his favorite . . . the club that seems to work just right every time he uses it.

And how he wishes every club in the set were just like it!

That's just what Spalding has done! Spalding registered SYNCHRO-DYNED club sets are made together . . . balanced identically in feel . . . so exactly that they all swing like your favorite. Blindfolded, you couldn't tell one SYNCHRO-

DYNED club in a set from another. They're that perfectly matched in swing-feel!

No wonder they're easier to play! You swing through the ball with confidence instead of varying your swing to fit ordinary unbalanced clubs.

You start getting more power and more distance. You repeat the same shot with uniformity and control. As the "guesswork" and the bad shots go . . . you get more fun out of your game. And, you card better scores, as well.

Try a round with these great SYNCHRO-DYNED **TOPFLITE[®]** clubs. They'll do more to cut the strokes off your game than any other clubs.

SPALDING SYNCHRO-DYNED TOP-FLITE CLUBS

can really lower your score!



Teeing off... 2 5 minutes



Fairway and approach shots... 5 3 minutes



On the green... 4 1 minutes

YOU CAN PROVE IT WITH THE SPALDING "12-MINUTE TEST"*



*While you spend the whole afternoon on an 18-hole course... *only an average of 12 minutes is actually spent "playing golf"!* IT'S TRUE... stopwatch tests have shown that's all the time it takes to address and complete *all shots* for 18 holes.

These are critical minutes... and you must play them confidently and uniformly to earn a good score.

It's just good golfing sense to play those minutes with Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs... the best-balanced, most uniform clubs in the world.

Make the Spalding 12-Minute Test. Your pro has these new SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs *right now*. Prove to yourself that you're a better golfer than you think!

Scores of golfers have reported better distance, better shot control, lowered handicaps by as much as 1½ with these stroke-saving clubs.

Now! Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED TOP-FLITE woods are available in 1, 2½, 3½ and 4½... as well as the regular 1, 2, 3 and 4 woods. TOP-FLITE clubs are sold through golf professionals only.

*Play Spalding clubs and balls...
golf's most winning combination*



SPALDING
GETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

spice for life...

Developed in the toughest international races,
Jaguar is not only the world's fastest production car
... and the safest ... but the most fun to drive!
With its famed XK-140 engine,
now even more powerful ...
precision race car rack-and-pinion steering ...
oversize racing brakes ... enlarged cockpit
for greater comfort, Jaguar adds spice
to your life, fun to your driving!

*Note: Recently, a production model Jaguar
was driven 7 days and 7 nights ...
16,851 miles at an average speed of over 100 mph.
Yet after this grueling test technicians found
it could pass new car inspection!*

JAGUAR

the finest car of its class in the world



*XK-140 Sports Roadster, \$2450 post of entry. Wire wheels, white walls extra.
Also in Convertible and Coupe—also with 2 occasional seats in rear—and 1940 V12-M Family, XK140, Sedan.
Glow shown! See your Jaguar dealer about money-saving overseas delivery.*

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Spring comes sadly to Montreal • Year of indecision, Australia • Bobo Olson discovers his tongue • Swimmer tries dire straits • Coexistence in Britain • Puppy no mummy

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

WHEN WORD reached Montreal that Detroit's Red Wings had beaten the Canadiens for hockey's Stanley Cup, Montrealers cried themselves to sleep. All week before the deciding game their radios had blared a bouncy ballad, a *chanson à répondre*, which sang the glory of Maurice Richard, the Canadiens' suspended indispensable man. Its refrain:

*C'est Maurice Richard
Qui est si populaire,
C'est Maurice Richard
Qui score tout l'temps.*

Canadian fans consoled themselves that they had beaten Detroit three times on home ice, had lost only on foreign soil and without Richard. Radio stations put the song on ice until next year when, as the ballad says, Richard "will return again to score for the Canadiens."

RUMBLES DOWN UNDER

LIKE A FAUCET in the middle of the night, the bickering over the 1956 Olympic Games in Australia drips on. (Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop.) Four years ago it was the stadium: whether to hold it in the 50,000-seat Melbourne Cricket Grounds, which didn't want the contours of its cricket pitch disturbed, or in the nearby Carlton Oval, which the rival Melbourne Cricket Club didn't want to see enlarged. Then it was bousing: whether to take over the army's Albert Park

barracks or spend scarce housing materials and money on an Olympic Village. Then it was Labor politicians objecting to the plans for a modernistic new swimming stadium in Fawkes Park; they called it alienation of park land. There was even a question whether official starting guns could be imported into the state of Victoria (which contains the city of Melbourne) because they violated a local firearms ordinance.

Through it all, Avery Brundage, a Chicago lawyer who doubles as president of the International Olympic Committee, had trouble holding his peace. Early this month Brundage decided to fly out to Melbourne to see

for himself. His first words were encouraging: "I see nothing to warrant serious criticism. . . . There are still 18 months to go."

After closer examination, Brundage showed doubts: "The fact is there is nothing finished. . . . It is possible to do the job with credit to Australia, but judging from the record to date it is a grave question whether it will be done." As he departed, Brundage sounded frankly pessimistic: "There is a remote possibility Melbourne could lose the games. . . . All the other nations want the games to be held in their countries."

Although a 1953 Australian Gallup
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Baseball bliss wrapped Kansas City (welcoming its new major league team) and outnumbered other towns—but was nowhere more enveloping than in Brooklyn, whose beloved Bums won six straight and jumped to a five-game lead over the stumbling New York Giants. . . . Navy's varsity crew, supposedly shattered by the graduation of six members of last year's champion outfit, got back in the water for the new season, handily beat Princeton for the 36th consecutive Navy victory since 1852. . . . Detroit Center Alex Delvecchio (who was benched in midseason for not scoring) drove in two goals as the Red Wings beat Montreal 3-1 in the seventh and decisive game for hockey's Stanley Cup. . . . Wes Santee, who has run more miles (30) under 4:10 than any man who ever lived, will break four minutes this week in the Kansas Relays if three is a charm—he has tried for the record only twice (running 4:05.1 and 4:01.3) in his home state. . . . Touring Oxford-Cambridge rugby players were so befuddled by the size and relative inhumanity of a University of California team (which included 235-pound, 6-foot 6-inch Varsity Tackle Harry Ghilarducci) that they lost 17-5—but two days later (after attending two sorority teas) they came back to beat the Bears 14-9. . . . Though they were watched by special guards, denied passports and kept indoors after dark, five of 14 travelling Yugoslav soccer players escaped (to bushes near the Agn Khan's villa) after a tournament in Cannes, France and emerged to ask asylum after red-footed Red officials herded their teammates back home. . . . Britain's rally-poly Don Cockfield was outwardly bland but privately bitter as he arrived in California for next month's fight with Rocky Marciano—he resents humorous U.S. references to his embanpoint.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 13

Poll showed 17% of the Aussies opposed to holding the Olympiad, the dissenters have been far louder than they are effective. Despite sporadic interruptions by a chronic carpenter's strike, Labor Party politicking and the cricket season itself, work on converting the Melbourne Cricket Grounds and enlarging its capacity to 125,000 has been under way for nearly two years. Olympic Park, with its huge new swimming stadium, velodrome for cycling races, two football fields and auxiliary running track, is developing into a reality. There are ample funds for the 700-unit Olympic Village, just seven miles out of town; but, since it is primarily designed as a civilian housing project, there is no point in completing it much before the 6,000 athletes and officials arrive. The civilians can't move in until the Olympians depart.

No one, least of all the Aussies themselves, really blamed Brundage for prodding them along. They seemed to realize it is he who will take the rap if the games flop. On the other hand, neither did anyone, including Brundage, seriously doubt that the Desert Rats who helped drive Rommel out of Africa could put up a small housing development and a few stadiums once they put their minds to it. Brundage acted like a man who was simply trying to get them to concentrate on the job. "It's a shame he did not come here 12 months ago," sighed an Olympic official as Brundage hustled away.

MIDDLEWEIGHT FORMULA

BONO OLSON, middleweight champion of the world, has a reputation as a clam-mouth. Nonetheless, on the eve of his last fight he burst into speech with a San Francisco sportswriter and revealed some of the lessons of his life. Bobo just can't fight in cold blood.

"I remember when I was a kid," Bobo told Art Rosenbaum of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "I had to protect myself in the street fighting. I'd double up my fists and punch until I thought I'd die. I found out then that if I liked another boy I couldn't do much damage. But when I got mad I felt stronger and they seemed weaker."

As a professional fighter, Bobo hasn't changed much: "As soon as a fight is signed I work up a touch of anger at this fellow, whoever he is. Then I start to train. I work very hard and I get more and more angry at this guy who

makes me work so hard when I could be sunbathing at the beach. When I hit the big bag I find myself saying, 'You dirty so-and-so, I'll get you!'"

Then it's ring time: "Maybe you can't read it on my face but I'm burning. I feel different, somehow, with those ropes around me. . . . Wait 'til I get this guy! . . . As I spar in the corner, I bring to my mind the good things. I think of my family and how they'll be taken care of from my earnings. I think of winning. I don't think of had things, like getting hurt or something. . . ."

Suppose he runs into a punch? "Tell you a secret. Sometimes I like to get hit. It shakes up my head, it tells me I'm in a fist fight again."

Bobo was ready with "a pretty good hate" for flabby, elderly Joey Maxim last week, possibly more than was strictly necessary. Their San Francisco fight chiefly demonstrated that at 33, and with flabby fat hanging over his trunks, Joey isn't what he used to be and that at 26 Bobo is able to belt the slower light-heavyweights around.

Back to his sunbathing, Bobo is now working up a slow rage toward the light-heavyweight champion, Archie Moore, 38. He's also asking for \$150,000 to stimulate him in his emotional preparations.

STRAIT OF JUAN DE FUCA

ALTHOUGH LAST WINTER, a bald, heavy-thewed, Tacoma, Wash. logger named Bert Thomas drank vast quantities of milk and forced down mounds of meat and potatoes. He swam long distances in winter-chilled lakes. By early April—though he is less than 6 feet in height—Bert weighed 270 pounds. His belly bulged with fat. His back quivered with it. His heavy upper arms and thighs were gross. To test his hubberty insulation, he went to Victoria, B.C., stripped to a pair of swimming trunks, rubbed himself with goose grease, and waded into the chilling (44 degrees) water of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He set off along the shore at a steady 32-beats-to-the-minute crawl.

As a Marine during World War II (Saipan, Tinian, Iwo Jima) Bert Thomas had once swum 33 miles in the warm south Pacific, but this was different. His whole body turned lobster red from the burning cold. But for three hours and 56 minutes, while 15,000 of the curious watched from vantage points along the shore, he churned steadily along. He covered more than five miles, sprinted at the end of his workout, and

came ashore patting his bulging stomach with pride. He would be the first human, he confidently believed, to swim the 18.3-mile Everett of Channels from Vancouver Island to Port Angeles on the Washington shore.

In all the centuries since men began swimming Hellesponts, none had picked a more formidable stretch of water. The Strait of Juan de Fuca, sailing directions warn, is subject to "sudden vicissitudes of weather" which demand all "the caution and vigilance of the navigator. . . ." Seamen must beware of



tidal streams, tide rips dangerous to small craft, and currents "which run from one to two and a half hours after high and low water" and which, "opposed by wind and swell, create a choppy sea."

Florence Chadwick—who focused the attention of the sports world on the strait when she tried and failed to cross it last August—had already dramatized these difficulties. Though she swam 11 miles in all, both she and her tug were swept in circles over a shoal called Constance Bank and were but four and a half miles from shore when she finally surrendered. But Chadwick had headed southwest on the ebb tide. Bert proposed to set out on the flood tide instead and swim southeast to clear the bank. After that he would swim SSW on the ebb for eight miles, would head southeast again as the tide changed once more. His "spare tire" would protect him against the dreadful north Pacific cold—10 degrees colder than the English Channel.

At 10 o'clock one night last week 29-year-old Bert Thomas entrusted himself to the deep, and churned out into the darkness from Victoria's Beacon Hill Park with the tug *Island Challenge* as escort. A last-minute competitor named John Giese followed him, was taken out of the water, stiff as a board from cold, after only 40 minutes. But Bert seemed impervious to chill. A vicious chop all but swamped the rowboat with which his trainer and a doctor were guiding him and forced them to switch to the tug's workboat for safety. The waves broke continually over Bert's face. He swallowed "a gallon" of salt water. He vomited. But he swam steadily on. He finished his first southeast leg, turned south-southwest. After four hours and more than seven miles of swimming he shouted

jubilantly, "It's a cinch," and called for nourishment.

Just before two in the morning Dr. Frank James of Tacoma passed him a 12-foot length of garden hose, and poured a mixture of rum, glucose, water, lemon juice and vitamin extract into it. Beer drank from the other end. Suddenly he doubled up in the water from excruciating stomach cramps. "Something's wrong," he gasped, trying to keep his face clear of the waves. He tried to straighten his huge body, to swim. "It won't go," he called helplessly. "What'll I do now?" His helpers—it took three of them—pulled him out. On the tug the cramps abated. "I'm still strong as a bull," said Beer. "It wasn't the cold. It wasn't the roughness. It was that damned rum. I'll try again in May." Looking out across the tide-tortured water the next day, many a Victoria citizen shivered a little at the thought.

PARLAY PINK

WHATEVER LENIN may have had to say about betting on the bangtails, there are those who would give 100 to 1 that he never looked to the day when London's Communist *Daily Worker* would be the tip sheet of the lords and ladies of England. Still, this has come to pass, and you can chalk up one more oversight for dialectical materialism.

The strike which closed down Britain's newspapers, except for the *Daily Worker*, left the conservative British racing fan without either his *Sporting Life*, a staid bible of the turf, or any of the big-circulation dailies that usually give sports page space to two or three handicappers. He had, perforce, to turn to the *Daily Worker*. This put Cayton, handicapper for party punters, in a position of glory he never had anticipated. Cayton is the fabulous Alf Rubin. 81, Sept. 6, '34, a Cockney with a gift for picking the horses when they are ripe. With no fixed political ideas, Alf has been with the *Daily Worker* for 20 years and in that time has established his reputation and a following willing to put up with garrulous guff for the simple directives of an expert handicapper. A \$2 bet on his every pick in every race during 1934 would have profited a man better than \$160. So what if he lost his Conservative Party membership? As Britain's newspapers closed down, Cayton made the most of his opportunity:

A one-pound parlay on his selections for the first three races during the second day of the Kempton meeting returned £308. One of Cayton's followers, reviving himself in the club bar, was heard to mutter: "From now on, I'm in favor of coexistence." Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of Eng-

land and a steward of the Jockey Club, bought a copy of the *Daily Worker*. He handled it gingerly.

The *Daily Worker* is permitted to publish by the unions because they hold it does not exploit the strike but limits itself to normal circulation (about 83,000). Only regular readers are supposed to be able to buy the newspaper, as it is called. Street vendors, though, usually can be persuaded to produce a copy for a shilling, six times the usual price.

Cayton takes his success calmly. Politics bore him and he never sets foot on the track because he's "too busy working out the form."

"Nothing else interests me," he says. "I always say 'Stick with me, bet with my means, and you'll have fun.'"

It's a radical idea but the *Daily Worker* goes along with it. *Pro tem*.

RETURN OF THE EGYPTIAN

WALKING HER two cockers through Central Park one sunny afternoon this winter, a young woman who loves dogs and knows most breeds saw a middle-aged, pipe-smoking gentleman being pulled bruskiy along by one of the strangest dogs she ever has seen. He was a tawny-coated animal about the size of a Springer spaniel, built low to the ground like a basenot, with large upright ears strangely reminiscent of the Chinese crested dog, and a tail, long and gently waving, which bespoke a gracious disposition. His conformation was such as to dispel her first suspicion that this might be an animal of low breeding. Nothing about the graceful head, the powerful shoulders, the deep, muscular basket or the sturdy legs suggested a casual mating.

The gentleman told her it was "an Egyptian house dog, very rare" and the lady walked on, content that she had learned to recognize the breed.

She was content until a night a few weeks later when she picked up her copy of *SI* (Feb. 14 issue) with special eagerness because it featured a preview of the Westminster Dog Show and a dog genealogy chart that showed the family tree of 119 different breeds. Among them was the Egyptian house dog—and beside it an asterisk to indicate that the Egyptian house dog is extinct. But the dog she had seen in the park, except for color, looked almost precisely like the drawing she was studying in *SI*. Next day she got in touch with *SI*.

She did not know the name of the dog's owner. There was nothing for it but to post a watch in Central Park.

continued on next page



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

Meanwhile the American Kennel Club and reference books were checked. Both said firmly that the Egyptian house dog of antiquity is indeed extinct and, in fact, no one knew what it looked like except for carvings on old



EGYPTIAN HOUSE DOG (EXTINCT)

tombs and obelisks—on which SI's drawing was based.

Eventually the young woman, keeping a sharp watch on her accustomed rounds, encountered the gentleman with the dog again and this time got his name, John W. Heering. It was arranged that Mr. Heering would rendezvous with SI near Cleopatra's Needle, an obelisk carved by order of Thothmes III about 1500 B.C.

Mr. Heering turned out to be a man who had collided with the American Kennel Club in its monotonous insistence that his dog is a mongrel.

"How long," he asked the AKC, "does a dog have to work off his illegitimacy?" There was no satisfactory reply.

Mr. Heering has since devoted a great deal of time to an unproductive search for another Egyptian house dog, female, for mating purposes. His dog is five years old and a lifelong bachelor.

The dog is named Connie (for Conrad) and was whelped in Alaska. How that came about was that it seems there were these two GIs in Egypt and somehow they acquired Connie's mother. The Army shipped them back to the United States but unaccountably transported them via Alaska, where Connie and his sibling were born. From Alaska the GIs came to New York and there ran into a little rent money trouble. In lieu of \$50 rent they turned over their two pups to their landlord. He sold one of the pups for \$50 to Conrad A. Williams, a seaman friend of Mr. Heering. The other pup was neglected and eventually picked up by the SPCA. No one seems to know what became of it thereafter.

Williams was ill and the dog was a great comfort to him. Its ears were

enormous on its puppy frame, exciting comment wherever Williams went. He told, before he died, of refusing \$1,000 for the puppy. The wife of a "Greenwich Village entertainer" longed to own the pup and so pestered her husband that he made progressive bids, starting at \$100. Williams, though, wanted the dog to go to his friend, Mr. Heering, who was a fellow Mason and had undertaken to care for Williams in his last illness. When Williams died Mr. Heering took charge of the pup, then about a year old, and named him Connie in memory of his friend.

Today Connie is healthy and vigorous. He eats one pound of beef liver and a pound of raw carrots, for which he has a passion, every day. Every day Mr. Heering, now semiretired from retail merchandising (in which, in his youth, he had been office boy to the original Marshall Field), takes him out to the park for an hour's stroll.

People stop and remark on Connie, and every so often Mr. Heering gets from one of them a clue as to where he might find a female Egyptian house dog. The clues just don't pan out. He has investigated the possibility of importing one from Egypt, but problems of negotiation, crating and shipment seem insuperable. Then may, he thinks, be a likely female closer to hand. Once a man he met in the park told him he had seen similar dogs in

Australia, but he may have been thinking of dingoes.

Walking through the park with Connie, Mr. Heering has a lot of time to think and he has thought up several things which some day may prove useful. He has, for instance, thought up a double-ended corned beef hash can. This container may be opened at both



CONNIE (EXTANT)

ends, allowing the housewife to slip the hash out in one chunk instead of having to spoon it out. And he has devised a tricky little paintbrush for getting into hard-to-reach places.

But his ingenuity has not yet found a mate for Connie.

As to whether Connie is extinct, as the AKC seems to think, or liveth, as Connie seems to think, there can be no clear answer. Once upon a time there was an Egyptian house dog, as the obelisks prove, and today there is Connie.

SPECTACLE

TRACKSIDE LUXURY

Santa Anita's magnificent Turf Club makes losing a luxurious lark and sets a standard for all to copy

To American racing followers and horsemen alike California's Santa Anita Park has consistently symbolized race track operation in the grand manner. Members of Santa Anita's exclusive Turf Club, built in 1934 and renovated considerably since then, enjoy the best in trackside luxury—from specially prepared meals in the Brazilian Room (opposite), awash with exotic live tropical plants, to relaxation in the magnificent Chandelier Room or quiet privacy in the President's Room. But Santa Anita, also mindful of the \$2 bettor, has helped establish a new nationwide trend for track management: a multimillion dollar remodeling and improvement program geared to satisfy the wants and needs of every track visitor, no matter how small his bank roll. For a report on what is being done in some of the more racing-conscious areas in the U.S., turn to page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LANEY







The quiet elegance of the Chandelier Room in the Santa Anita Turf Club is welcome contrast to the noise of the crowds on the terraces outside. From its parquet floors to the glistening crystal chandeliers it is a subdued symphony of soft shadings of gray, pink and white. Fine English paintings adorn the walls (above) and comfortable corner settees invite quiet luncheons à deux



At the top of the Turf Club, overlooking the track and gardens, is the President's Room, a handsome pine-paneled retreat for high-echelon meetings and luncheons. Its rich glowing colors are intensified by the antique Irish crystal chandeliers, gleaming silver, and the mellow tones of paintings from the Santa Anita Collection

GOOD NEWS FOR \$2 BETTORS

For years racing fans have protested against the conditions usually found at the No. 1 paid spectator sport in America.

Now management's response is a whopping remodeling program by WHITNEY TOWER

U.S. RACE TRACKS once seemed to run their business on the doctrine: comfort is too good for the average man. The old doctrine is in retreat.

At Louisville's antiquated Churchill Downs visitors to the 81st Kentucky Derby next month will ride, for the first time, on escalators and try to worm invitations to 400 new boxes. Not far away, at Kentucky's Keeneland track, the grandstand crowd (who already have a far better view of the finish than anybody on the clubhouse porch) are enjoying lunch in an oak-paneled dining room with a noise-quieting acoustical-board ceiling.

The Laurel track in Maryland has so touched up the grandstand with indirect lighting and colorful murals that an old-timer was heard complaining, "Why, you'd be ashamed to make a \$2 bet there!"

Even in New England, where both escalators and seat cushions have yet to appear, New Hampshire's Rockingham Park is drawing up remodeling plans to keep abreast of proud Lincoln Downs.

This is all a major part of the turf news as sport-loving America finds itself solidly in the grip of the greatest boom in racing history. Last year more than 3 million people, most of whom never saw the inside of a clubhouse, paid their way into the country's 92 big and little race tracks. Once there, despite many an insufferable Saturday afternoon squeeze, they managed to pour more than \$2 billion into the machines in a never-tiring, never-ceasing effort to forecast which thoroughbred will navigate a course faster than his rivals. While a steady upward trend has manifested itself in such vital departments as attendance, wagering and purse distribution, the present era of U.S. racing is happily being marked by a rejuvenated nationwide awareness on the part of track management that the ultimate volume of racing patronage will be directly reflected by the amount of interest management cares to show toward the sport's faithful steady customers.

The universal cry for improved conditions and facilities is receiving encouraging response on all fronts, and although the average 1955 race-goer probably will never be fortunate enough to dope out his racing form within the pine-paneled sanctuary of a President's Room such as the one at Santa Anita's Turf Club (opposite page), he will hardly escape noticing that every track he visits this year will be trying to treat him as an intelligent human being

rather than as a nearly lifeless form to be buffeted about in the manner of a cattle car passenger, without food or drink. In short, management is in virtual unanimous agreement with the philosophy of Chicago Track Director Ben Lindheimer, who not long ago re-emphasized an old but true point: "If you don't make your customers happy and comfortable, they won't come back." Lindheimer has recently been sinking almost 50% of his profits back into improvement projects for Arlington and Washington Park. He has taken a cue from newer, and therefore more modern, tracks (such as New Jersey's Garden State Park) by making extensive use of high-speed escalators to ease the interior circulation congestion.

Some other racing areas may not be as fortunate as Chicago, California, Florida, New Jersey and Delaware (where the Du Pont-supported Delaware Park track represents progressive planning at its best), but many critical fans are under a general misconception that any succession of heavy betting days automatically means the track becomes overwhelmingly rich and that the failure to spend most of this money immediately on improvements is a sorry reflection on those in charge. Actually, the capacity of improvement plans is firmly limited by what each track takes in during the day and by what proportion of this money is still on hand after heavy taxes, increasing operating costs and purse distribution to horsemen, who are no less emphatic than spectators in their demands for reform.

The important thing today is that the trend for bettering the lot of fans is being directed more in the grandstand and stable area than on the clubhouse side of the fence. Architects on remodeling projects are incorporating the best principles of traffic control, dining facilities and seating arrangements. In New York, for instance, every track is at least 50 years old and original interiors were designed with no thought to eventual pari-mutuel betting—a circumstance which has led, through the years, to some intolerable congestion in betting queues and to the gradual evolution of the present Jockey Club plan to erect a super \$45 million plant at Belmont Park. When the new Belmont is opened it may well have exclusive hideaways to equal anything at Santa Anita. It may also, however, give even greater recognition to the grandstand population and set the pattern for still another era of race track modernization in years to come. (C.W.B.)



PRETTY GIRLS HELP A'S BILL WILSON WITH HIS WAVING



SANDLOTTERS SWARM OVER MANAGER BOUQUEAU AND FAMILY

THE A'S FIND FRIENDS

Kansas City pours out its heart in rousing welcome, fills its brand-new ball park to overflowing and the transplanted Athletics respond by playing like champions just for a day

KANSAS CITY is known far and wide for its dealings in wheat and cattle. André Maurois, the distinguished biographer, has called it one of the most beautiful cities in the world. But, deep down in its heart, the old cowtown (as even its most patriotic citizens like to call it) is most proud of its reputation for friendliness, and it is in the name of friendship that it has made warmly welcome a band of embarrassed young athletes in the uniforms of the Kansas City Athletics, most of whom are maintaining major league status by the skin of their teeth.

As the ballplayers and their principal proprietor, the rich stranger from Chicago, Arnold Johnson, quickly discovered, Kansas City gives its friendship as freely as the time of day and cuts it as generously as its celebrated sirloin steaks. Friendship is pressed upon the visitor from the moment he hits town. The Fred Harvey waitress at Union Station does not say, "What'll you have?" She fairly bubbles over with, "Well, my, don't you just look neglected here! I do believe you'll find the Kansas City Athletics salad there *very* tasty!" The cab driver does not growl, "Where to, Mac?" He exclaims, "Now where can I take you this fine beautiful spring evening! and, oh man, don't you hope and pray it holds out for opening day?" The bellboy at the town's leading hotel, the Muehlebach, is not content to pocket a tip and depart in anonymity. He thrusts out his hand and declares, "My name is Newton and I'm just wonderin' if you plan to stay for the ball

game?" The hotel management is heard from promptly with a bowl of fruit, which is old stuff, but in Kansas City there is that little extra friendly touch: nestled down in the grapes and tangerines is a pint of bourbon whiskey.

That's the everyday way of doing things, but to welcome these new baseball-playing friends, the old cowtown poured out its greatest display of friendly feelings since Harry and Bess came back from the White House to settle down again in suburban Independence. And in the spirit of true mid-western neighborliness, baseball fans swarmed in on the city like settlers bound for a house-raising in pioneer days. They came by car, by bus and plane and by excursion trains on the Wahash, the Katy, the Mopac, the Burlington, the Rock Island, the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe. They came from Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, Nebraska and from deep into what used to be St. Louis Cardinals' Missouri territory.

For the young athletes, the festivities began as their chartered plane settled down at the airport the day before the season's opening. As each man stepped from the plane, he was introduced over the loudspeakers by Manager Lou Boudreau, and then he was hurried to his own private convertible for the parade through the downtown section where nearly 200,000 applauding, cheering, beaming friends lined the streets or threw confetti from the office windows overhead. Everywhere a fellow turned, there were friendly signs of welcome, bunting and signboards, and



M.C. POINTS TO THE REAL HERO: SPORTS EDITOR ERNIE MEHL



AMBIGUITOUS HARRY S. TRUMAN SOUTHPAWS FIRST BALL

IN COWTOWN

by GERALD HOLLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

kids and old folks—even hotel doormen—wearing baseball caps with big letter A's on them. There were 20 flowered floats and 10 marching bands, dancing drum majorettes and pretty girls in short pants. There were mayors from miles around, Governor Fred Hall of Kansas and Lieutenant Governor James T. Blair Jr. of Missouri. There was Ford Frick, the high commissioner of baseball, Will Harridge, president of the American League, Walter Briggs, president of the opening day enemy, the Detroit Tigers, Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees and late co-owner of the departed Kansas City Blues of the American Association. There was 92-year-old Connie Mack, riding along with a brave half-smile and a faraway look in his tired old eyes.

Transplanted from Philadelphia, where brotherly love had long since turned to ashes, the ballplayers were plainly torn by conflicting emotions. At one moment, they looked as sheepish as the fellow who was mistaken for the returning war hero down at the railroad depot. But in the next moment, some of them appeared to be as recklessly abandoned to the pleasures of the occasion as the farmer's daughter out on a date with a traveling salesman she knows will never be true. Now and again, it seemed that one of the players would surely rise up and blurt to the crowd: "Folks, you're making a mighty big mistake! We ain't nuthin' but the old Philadelphia A's!"

continued on next page

OWNER JOHNSON BEAMS AS WIFE CARMEN MUNCHES HOT DOG



KANSAS CITY A'S

Continued from page 28

It would not have made any difference to the Kansas City friends. For this day, anyhow, they had nothing but love and affection in their hearts. By the time the parade broke up, the ballplayers seemed to relax a little, but another pleasurable shock was in store for them. They were immediately whisked away to the rebuilt Municipal Stadium, a dazzling spectacle to the young men who had beat their way north through primitive bush-league hall parks and had, many of them, vivid memories of the Spartan accommodations at Connie Mack Stadium back in Philadelphia. They wandered wide-eyed through the grandstand and down onto the field and into the clubhouse with its shiny new showers and lockers. Then, when they had had time to absorb it all, Manager Lou Boudreau spoke to them of baseball matters in gentle and kindly tones as if he feared that, being overwrought, they might suddenly burst into tears.

NO ASPERSIONS, PLEASE

Meanwhile, in his penthouse suite atop Hotel Muehlebach, Arnold Johnson, tall, handsome, 48-year-old club owner, paced the floor and spoke feelingly of the cowtown's friendly ways. "I've never seen anything quite like it," Johnson said, shaking his head in

wonder. "They wouldn't believe it back in New York. Here there's none of the suspicion and cynicism you find in the big eastern cities. People stop to speak to me in the streets, not as somebody whose picture they've seen in the papers, but just as a newcomer they want to welcome to town."

Johnson, only a few days before, had discovered that Kansas City not only gives its friendship freely, but deals swiftly with anyone who dares to cast aspersions on even the newest of its friends.

For instance, when Jimmy Cannon, a New York sportswriter, had dismissed the A's as a "boring" ball club, Macy's Kansas City department store promptly took a full page ad in the *Star* just to give Cannon the back of its hand. When Johnson himself was depicted, in a magazine article, as a smooth financial operator who had acquired the A's for pennants, Ernie Mehl, the *Star's* sports editor, leapt to his defense. Johnson, said Mehl, actually had invested millions and risked millions more on the gamble of selling the Philadelphia stadium to Bob Carpenter of the Phillies. And furthermore, wrote Mehl, any man who paid \$100,000 for the old Boston Braves scoreboard, \$2,300 for a batting cage, enlarged the scouting staff to 12 men and the coaching staff to four cannot be accused of conducting a "peanut" operation.

Ernie Mehl's indignation was understandable, for if it had not been for Ernie, there would not yet be major league baseball in the cowtown. Ernie got the big league fever after observing the amazingly successful transfer of the Boston Braves franchise to Milwaukee. He immediately launched a one-man campaign to get the St. Louis Browns for Kansas City. When the Browns got away to Baltimore, Ernie Mehl looked around for the next most likely candidate for transfer. Sickest of the big league teams was the Philadelphia A's and when Arnold Johnson, the big vending machine man, appeared on the Kansas City scene as owner of the local ball park (purchased from his vending machine associates, Del Webb and Dan Topping of the New York Yankees: Ernie Mehl saw a prime prospect. Ernie had to talk in terms of millions and Arnold was a man who spoke that language fluently. But Johnson politely declined the opportunity to become a baseball man. "I've got headaches enough right now," he said. But every time Johnson came to town, Ernie tackled him again. Finally, as Johnson now recalls it, "Ernie wore me down in his sweet, quiet way."

No one concerned has forgotten the town's debt to Ernie Mehl. The Chamber of Commerce named him Man-of-the-Year. Arnold Johnson put him in his own car at the head of the welcoming parade and Ford Frick, baseball's



high commissioner, cried out at the preopening television broadcast from Eddy's Night Club: "In all the excitement here tonight, let's not forget a hoy named Ernie Mehl!" Ernie, a big, hefty, blond-haired hoy of 30 who teaches Sunday School regularly, was called up to the mike to say a few words, and looking around at all the big leaguers present, he said it was the happiest moment of a lifetime spent in the best town in the whole wide world.

THEY'LL LOSE GRUDGINGLY

Ernie Mehl repeated what he has been saying all spring: nobody expects the A's to turn out a winner in the next couple of years. What Kansas City is sure of, though, as Ernie sees it, is that its ballplayers will lose a little less graciously, a little more grudgingly now that they are among friends.

"The important thing," said Ernie, "is that we've gone big league. And to go big league, you've got to take the best you can get. The successful ball clubs aren't on the market. But Arnold Johnson and his associates aren't the kind of men to just coast along. I know they'll do everything possible to give us a contender."

To that, Arnold Johnson himself replied: "Give us three years, five at the outside, and we'll build a winner!" Commissioner Ford Frick came to the microphone, put on a long face and said with mock seriousness, "I must tell you

that I don't think the A's will win the pennant this year!" There was a roar of laughter and the commissioner shouted over it: "Maybe they won't even win the pennant next year!"

Friendly feelings soared high at Eddy's place. Georgia Gibbs, the singer, dragged Johnson, Frick and Walter (Spike) Briggs, president of the Detroit Tigers, onto the floor to sing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The quartet chanted "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City" while everybody clapped hands. Then Carmen (Mrs. Arnold) Johnson was introduced and in a few moments the television station's switchboard was flooded with calls from viewers who wanted a better look at Lorraine Day's most serious rival as baseball's glamour girl. It was a hard spot to follow, but Kansas City's new mayor, H. Roe Bartle, a jolly fat man who took office that very morning, came on and addressed himself to Spike Briggs.

"Mr. Spike Briggs, sir," boomed the mayor, "tomorrow morning I shall call for you in the mayor's official car and drive you to our new municipal stadium. There I shall take you on a personally conducted tour. Mr. Spike Briggs, of this marvel, this miracle of construction, completed in 90 days (actually it took 22 weeks), and then, Mr. Spike Briggs, I shall be happy to escort you to the *losing* side of the field!"

As it turned out, that is precisely

what Mayor Bartle did. With 32,844 fans overflowing the grandstand, with former President Harry S. Truman throwing out the first ball, the Kansas City Athletics, hopped up on the largest shot of friendship ever needed into a ball club, went out and played like the champions they are not likely to be for some time. At the bat they were there in the clutch, in the field they were flawless and alert enough to turn three sparkling double plays. The crowd cheered everything; Vic Power striking out in the first inning as lustily as Bill Wilson hitting a homer in the eighth. Manager Lou Boudreau was as sharp and daring as Casey Stengel and Leo Durocher rolled up into one; he gambled on a big inning in the sixth and he got it to clinch the A's 6-2 victory in big league baseball's first game on its new western frontier.

Up in the press box, Ernie Mehl hammered his portable typewriter and banged out his first big league story, concluding it in sheer exaltation with: "Phooie on the critics!"

As the deliriously happy fans—no, make that friends—fired out of the ball park, one of them jumped up on a railing and yelled:

"Man, if this is the kind of ball these A's are gun' to play, I don't see how we can miss!"

Next day, losing the first of four straight, the A's began to show their good friends how.

END

Opening day crowd of 32,844 jammed into Kansas City's Municipal Stadium, almost entirely rebuilt in 22 weeks on site of old ball park





PRESIDENT Eisenhower concentrates on his pitching form as he throws out the first ball in Washington.



GOVERNOR G. Mennen Williams of Michigan uses a catcher's mitt while waiting for the first pitch at Detroit.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

OPENING DAY FOR AMATEURS AND PROS

IN WASHINGTON D.C. a noted sore-shouldered right-hander drew back his arm and fired the ball from his box seat; in Detroit a bow-tied governor squatted behind home plate to receive the first pitch; in Atlanta a bosomy actress displayed her baseball form, and in Chicago a

TEO KLUSZEWSKI, Cincinnati first baseman, accepts congratulations of teammates Ray Jablonski and Gus Bell after hitting home run on opening day.



RALPH KINER deal begins to pay off immediately for the Cleveland Indians as Kiner hits a home





GOVERNOR Frank Lausche, Ohio, tosses ball at Cincinnati.



FILM STAR Terry Moore's feet are wiped off after she throws the first ball here/first at Atlanta.

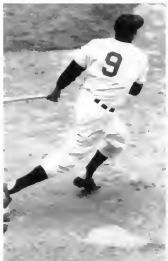


MECHANIC Jacob Walter, 66, hurls ball for Chicago Cubs, who picked him as average fan.

66-year-old mechanic did the honors as opening days for the 1955 baseball season sprouted around the U.S., Cuba and Canada. When all the amateurs famous and unknown alike had finished their appointed tasks it was the umpires' turn to step up to home plate and shout the game's most venerable cliché: "Play ball!" And then in the best of traditions came the time for "hurlers to toe the slash," and "hitters to swing the ash." With the ball actually in

play, several professional performers immediately served notice that from opening day to October they themselves intend to produce the headlines of the sports pages. Among those who stood out were massive Ted Kluszewski of Cincinnati whose 49 home runs last season led both leagues; Ralph Kiner, purchased by the Cleveland Indians this winter from the Chicago Cubs; and Robin Roberts, the Philadelphia Phillies' iron-armed pitcher.

run for the Indians in first game against Chicago White Sox. The Indians beat White Sox 5-1 in game.



ROBIN ROBERTS of Philadelphia Phillies follows through on pitch in game against New York Giants. Roberts allowed no hits for 8½ innings, won 4-0.



V.P.'S FISH STORY

RICHARD M. NIXON'S rapid rise from grocery clerk to Vice President of the United States left little time for play. Nixon did manage to find time in his packed schedule of governmental chores to get in some golf. But despite this enthusiastic excursion into the world of sport, in certain Washington quarters there still remained much shaking of heads and frowning of

brows as it was noted that the man only a heartbeat away from the Presidency did not know a Parmachene Belle from a backlash and seemingly cared less. Not since Calvin Coolidge supposedly donned white gloves and used hooks baited with worms by Secret Service men had there been a comparable crisis.

But last week Dick Nixon journeyed

to the Florida Everglades on a fishing expedition which included SI Correspondent James Shepley. On his first attempt at the skilled sport of spin-casting the Vice President threw out enough line for a bird's nest capable of housing a family of eagles. A companion cut away 50 yards of line and coached the novice. Gradually Nixon's technique improved, his enthusiasm soared. Suddenly he snagged his line high in a mangrove. Struggling to get it loose, he jumped up on the skiff's seat and yanked. The skiff obeyed Newton's third law of motion and, like



MANGROVE-SNAGGED LURE draws fisherman Nixon's attention. (Right) overboard, Vice President pulls and tugs to get aboard the skiff and finally manages to get a leg over the gunwale and haul himself aboard in a most unfishermanlike manner.



a skilled tumbler, Nixon did a neat back somersault over the gunwale. When he came up he grabbed the side of the boat, awkwardly climbed aboard center. Damply returning to the sport his conversion appeared certain. But as the party headed home the guide attempted a 180° turn. There was a sickening lurch, and Nixon, Journalist Shepley and guide found themselves in the Everglades mud. Aboard again, the Vice President of the United States finally found a proper parliamentary comment: "This certainly was an interesting experience."



BOAT PHOTO

SECOND MISHAP puts everybody in the water. Nixon (center), learned from first experience proper way to get back but asks, "Do you think there's any use getting in?"



ADMIRING CATCH in type of shirt often favored by Harry Truman, Nixon holds up two large snook. The Vice President failed to catch any fish himself but other members of the Everglades party were more successful, bringing in half a dozen snook.



AL DOYLE MAGDA MURAC PAULINE BETZ ADDIE CARL EARN FRANK PARKER PANCYO GONZALES BOBBY RIGGS

TENNIS GREATS STAND FOR NET PORTRAIT

The cast of characters for the Pride of Cleveland World Professional Tennis Championships (known with mock brevity as the POCWPTC) included 15 tennis stars who have highlighted U.S. amateur and professional tennis over a 20-year span. Lining up beside a net for a rare and nostalgic mass portrait of tennis power were 14 players including six U.S. singles champions, three Wimbledon winners and five U.S. professional champions. In chronological tennis order the most veteran figure is British-born Fred Perry (far right), who was USLTA singles winner in 1933, '34



JOHNNY FAUNCE MARTIN BUXBY PANCHO SEGURA VINI RURAC FRANK KOVACS DON BUDGE FRED PERRY

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARVIN M. GREENE

and '36, currently a professional at Boca Raton, Fla. Don Budge, USLTA winner in 1937-38, is manager of Manhattan's Town Tennis Club and partner in the Budge-Wood Service, Inc. (laundromats). Bobby Riggs, USLTA champion in 1939 and '41, is the professional at Miami Beach's Roney Plaza Hotel. Pauline Betz Addie, USLTA women's champion in 1942, '43, '44 and '46, is now a housewife with three children. Frank Parker, USLTA titleholder in 1944-45, now works for a container company. Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, USLTA champion in 1948-49, is a free-lance

professional who has toured with Jack Kramer's troupe and who won the recent POCWPTC. Kramer, USLTA champion in 1946-47, played in the POCWPTC but missed the picture. Others in the photograph are Magda and Vini Rurac, Rumanian-born husband and wife professionals at Palm Springs, Calif.; Frank Kovacs, Carl Earn and Johnny Faunce, California professionals; Martin Buxby, Florida professional; Al Doyle, New York City professional; Francisco (Pancho) Segura, Ecuadorian-born who was also part of the Jack Kramer group, was runner-up to Gonzales.

BASEBALL? IT'S ALL IN THE MIND

... the mind of the discerning spectator, that is. Here, to challenge veteran fans and aid the fresh observer, are some commonly neglected elements that determine play-by-play strategy

by JEREMIAH TAX



ONE of the more obvious truths about baseball is that it brings pleasure and excitement to millions of people who have only the vaguest notions about the simple mechanics of the game or the field dimensions which determine its basic strategy. It is a sport enjoyed by all ages and intellects and both sexes—and for many different reasons.

To some, baseball is a picnic in the sun with peanuts and beer; to others, a vicarious release of aggressions and emotions. Thousands of others never see a game from one season to the next but derive pleasure from attaching themselves emotionally to a particular team and following its fortunes in print.

Obviously, it is not necessary to understand how and why everything is taking place on the field in order to enjoy the game. But it is equally true that with every added bit of understanding, enjoyment increases. For baseball is an unparalleled exhibition of competitive skill. Individual and team proficiency are required; speed of hand and foot, timing, guile and courage are all on display. And, as in every contest of universal appeal, the area of competition is clearly defined, easy to focus on and bound by two dimensions—time and distance.

When the lead-off batter steps up to the plate at the start of a game, the situation is unique so far as the rest of the afternoon is concerned. Nothing

extraneous enters into the competition between the batter and the nine men on the opposing team—eight spread out in front of him and one crouched behind him. The stage will never be set so simply, so let's examine it.

The batter's aim is to get on base safely and there are three ways he can accomplish this. The pitcher can walk him or hit him with the ball or he can hit the ball and run to first before the opposing team gets the ball there and puts him out. It is 90 feet to first base and most big leaguers can run there in a fraction over three and a half

seconds. (A left-handed batter has about a tenth of a second headstart.) The pitcher winds up and throws the ball and it will travel the 60 feet six inches to a position where the batter can hit it in about a half-second. Don't be deceived by that figure; the batter does not have all that time to decide whether or not he will try to hit the ball. He must decide and start bringing his bat around in about half that time or he will be too late. One reason players stand at the rear of the batter's box is to gain an extra split second in which to make the swing-or-not decision.

THE HIT-AND-RUN play, difficult to stop when batter and runner play their roles perfectly, here succeeds as second baseman covers bag to prevent apparent steal. It can, however, sometimes be foiled when catcher anticipates it, calls for pitchout, nips runner with snap throw to first.



As the ball approaches the plate it may do one of several things to further bedevil the batter: it may continue in a relatively straight line, curve toward or away from him or rise slightly or fall away abruptly—depending on how much and what kind of spin the pitcher has put on it. Whatever it does, if it crosses the 17-inch-wide plate between the batter's knees and armpits, it's a strike.

The ball we're following is headed for the strike zone. Most pitchers try to get the first ball they throw to a batter over the plate, not only to get ahead of the batter quickly but because there are few good first-ball hitters in baseball, which is another story. Our batter, however, steps into this first pitch and hits it on the ground toward the hole between the third baseman and the shortstop. He bats right-handed and he consistently hits to the left side of the diamond because he consistently swings a split second early. That makes him a "pull hitter."

THE RACE TO FIRST

At the crack of ball meeting bat the batter starts for first and the shortstop starts moving to his right to field the ball; the race is on and, if you remember, you know it will be over in less than four seconds. The ball is moving slowly along the ground and before the shortstop reaches it, two and a half seconds have elapsed. Aware that time is running out on him, the shortstop scoops up the ball with one hand and, without cocking his arm completely, sends it off toward first in one smooth motion. Such a throw, however, has little power behind it. Though the first baseman strains every inch toward

the approaching ball while he keeps one foot on the bag, it takes three quarters of a second to hit his glove. Too late. The batter's foot touched the base an instant earlier. He's safe.

The second batter comes up to the plate in a confident mood. And why not?—his teammate got a hit on the very first pitch, an augury of happy times ahead. Not only that but he and the man on first are about to attempt one of the game's neatest bits of strategy—the hit-and-run play. Now this is by no means the ideal situation for the hit-and-run. Percentage baseball would call for a simple sacrifice bunt to put the runner on second, which is scoring position. And then the heaviest-hitting part of the batting order would be coming up. But our manager is in a confident mood too and feels that such a surprise move might pay off.

Even more important is the fact that the second batter can be counted on to get some part of his bat on the ball, which he must do if the hit-and-run attempt is not to fail miserably.

Slightly annoyed by that cheap, first-pitch hit, the pitcher loses his control temporarily and his first two deliveries to the second batter are wide of the plate. Two balls and no strikes—a good setup for the hit-and-run, since the pitcher can be expected to do his damndest to get the next pitch over. The batter flashes the sign to the runner and the play is on.

Starting with the logical assumption that the next pitch will be in the strike zone, the batter has based his course of action—as would a general in the field or a scientist in a lab—on a series of reasonable probabilities. With no outs and a runner on first, the first

baseball will be playing on or close to the bag to keep the runner from taking too big a lead if he's planning to steal second or to prevent him from reaching third or even scoring if the batter gets a clean hit through the infield. If, on the next pitch, the runner breaks for second, either the second baseman or shortstop must break with him to receive the throw from the catcher. Since our batter hits right-handed, it is almost certain that the second baseman will undertake the assignment this time. There will then be a large opening in the infield defense—between the first and second basemen—and that's where our batter plans to hit the ball.

IF THE SECOND BASEMAN COVERS—

Only one of the batter's assumptions can be completely wrong: the shortstop instead of the second baseman may cover the base to prevent the apparent steal. If that happens and the batter still hits to the right side, he can still expect a reasonably profitable return from the play. The second baseman will be moving to his left to field the ball, a poor position from which to start either a double play or a force play at second. The best he can do is to get the man coming in to first. So our batter will have put his teammate into scoring position with only one out. Fair enough.

Whatever goes wrong with the execution of the hit-and-run will almost surely be the fault of the batter, since he is obviously the key man in the play. If he misses the pitch, the chances are that the runner will be thrown out at second. If he hits the ball on the ground directly at an infielder, the

continued on next page



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT ROGER

BASEBALL

continued

odds are high on a double play. If he hits it on a line to an infielder, a double play is a certainty, because the runner is already committed and cannot get back to first in time.

In this particular situation—assuming the batter has no specific weakness that can be exploited—the pitcher will generally try to keep the ball high and inside. This type of pitch is the most difficult for most batters to hunt or hit to the opposite field, either of which, the pitcher reasons, this one is likely to be contemplating.

All right, let's get back to our second batter. He's just flashed the hit-and-run sign. As the pitcher begins his delivery the runner on first breaks for second. And just as the batter anticipated, the second baseman moves to his right toward the bag also. At the same time the batter sees that this pitch is coming in high and inside. He's ready for that too. He moves his right foot back a few inches and starts his swing. Moving the foot does three things: it backs him away from the plate slightly, turns his body toward right field and delays the swing. All three help him hit this pitch where he wants to—into the hole between first and second. No infielder can touch the ball; it's up to the right fielder. Both he and the ball are moving quickly toward each other and he fields it cleanly. But the runner had a good lead off first and he broke for second as the pitcher started his delivery. Urged on by the third-base coach, he did not break stride rounding second and is now more than halfway to third. Ten feet from

the bag he starts his slide and makes it safely. The hit-and-run has worked perfectly—it has advanced the runner an extra base.

If the hit-and-run is an offensive tactic to delight the eye, the defensive effort it is designed to nullify—the double play—is often an even more breathtaking exhibition of speed and timing. Double plays occur under many different circumstances, of course. As in the hit-and-run, however, the one which is most common and requires the deft cooperation of at least two players, begins with a runner on first and a ground ball hit to the infield.

SHORT TO SECOND TO FIRST

Let's start with the ball bouncing out to the shortstop. He must field it and get it over to the second baseman, who must touch the bag and relay it to the first baseman—all in less than the three and a fraction seconds it takes the batter to arrive at first. So frequently does this situation occur, and so critical is the action, that a team's standing in the pennant race could be affected considerably by the skill and consistency of the shortstop and second baseman in playing their parts.

As the shortstop moves in to field the ball, the second baseman starts for the bag. He is now facing and moving in a direction opposite from the one in which he will relay the ball. When he catches the throw from the shortstop, therefore, he will have to touch the base and pivot before he can complete the play. To help him do this without any waste motion, he and the shortstop have agreed on where the shortstop will always try to feed him the ball. If he has to stoop, stretch or break

stride, precious time will be consumed and he may even miss the base; so the shortstop generally aims his throw at the second baseman's left shoulder or, rather, where it will be at the time he makes the catch. This allows him to take the throw in a natural position while racing for the bag, which is when many second basemen prefer to receive the ball. Others like to get to second, if they can, and receive the ball there.

Regardless of when he gets the ball, the second baseman would like to send it off to first at the instant he touches the base to complete the forceout, so that he will be competing with the runner approaching first on the best possible terms. However, he also has to reckon with the runner sliding into second. This gentleman will be coming in fast and kicking up dust, planning to roll into the second baseman or intimidate him with his spikes—in any case, to knock him off balance and thereby prevent an accurate relay. Though the slider is not allowed to interfere "deliberately" with the throw, the fact is that on this play body contact is routine and the second baseman is often badly shaken up. To avoid this he may step, hop or leap from the bag before or while he throws. Pictures of pivot men completing their relays from weird, off-balance positions, with both feet off the ground, make the papers regularly. While admiring the cameraman's technique (or good fortune) few fans appreciate that despite his precarious posture the pivot man is getting the ball off with enough power behind it to nip the runner at first 90 feet away.

As the game we are watching continues, one team and then the other may



DOUBLE PLAY begins as shortstop flips to second baseman for force, ends (opposite page) when relay beats runner to first. When ball is hit to right, shortstop plays pivot

gain the lead or the score may become completely one-sided, but the drama inherent in each individual play, in each successive meeting of pitcher and batter will go on to the last out. And the relentless mathematical statistics will determine the outcome of every race between man and ball. But since baseball is played by humans, not machines, and because luck occasionally joins one team for a spell as tenth player, other factors are involved.

PSYCHIATRY TO THE RESCUE?

A few years ago one major league team engaged a psychiatrist, on the theory that a player's mental condition contributes to his performance on the field. Though the project was greeted with jeers all around and soon abandoned, there is no question but that the theory is sound enough and is used by many players and managers during the course of the game. When a runner on first dances back and forth along the base line, stretching his lead and then retreating partway back to the bag, he is trying to influence the pitcher's next delivery by upsetting him. It's true, of course, that sometimes the runner's actions are the preliminary to an attempted steal, but much more often he counts on the *threat* of a steal to discomfort the pitcher. And he is frequently successful.

With the possible exception of some pitchers, every player looks forward to his turn at bat, or pretends he does anyway. Yet observe him as he prepares to compete alone against all nine men on the opposing team, as he gets set to pit his eyes and body coordination against a small ball that will come at him with express-train speed. He pulls on his cap,

hitches up his pants, chews away at his gum or tobacco, rubs his hands, swings his bat around, tucks in his shirt. All these and other actions betray an inner tension which he may or may not release completely before the pitcher throws the first ball. If he does not, it may handicap him severely, despite the fact that he considers batting a truly joyous experience.

Anger, over eagerness, overconfidence, lack of confidence—all will hamper a player's ability. As a close game moves into the late innings and each pitch, each play assumes more and more importance, the instinctive impulse in each player to tighten up becomes almost irresistible. Good players perform well under the stress of such circumstances, not because they have allowed themselves to grow tense, but because they have mastered the trick of staying "loose."

The game we've been watching has just ended. It was won by the home team 3-2 in the last of the ninth—not by an exquisitely timed squeeze play or by any other planned offensive tactic; no batter drove in the winning run with a perfectly placed Texas leaguer or hit the ball out of the park; the pitcher didn't weaken, nor did any of the players backing him up make an error. Here's the way it did happen, and it's happened this way before.

First man up was a powerful, slow-footed slugger who could, the pitcher knew, end it all with one blast. Throwing carefully to him, the pitcher got to a count of three and two, then missed a corner of the plate by an eyelash. A sacrifice moved the runner to second. The next batter struck out.

Two out, a man in scoring position

and a weak hitter coming up. Playing a hunch, the manager decided not to go for a pinch-hitter. He may have had other reasons: the man was his best defensive infielder, too valuable to dispense with if the game were to continue. And pinch-hitters have been known to fail.

On the very first pitch the batter performed exactly according to form. He hit the ball on the ground, directly at the shortstop—an easy out. A groan went up from the home-team rooters; at the edge of the dugout, the manager slapped his thigh in disgust; in the press box someone started to say the words flashing through many minds at that instant—"extra innings. . ."

And so, as the shortstop prepared for the routine pickup and throw to first, the ball hit a pebble fixed in the edge of a small depression of the turf and began a crazy, deflected bounce. A frantic recovery by the shortstop was too late; the ball was over his right shoulder and rolling into left field.

Despite the slowness of the runner, there wasn't even a play at the plate. With nothing to lose, since there were two out, he'd taken off at the crack of the bat. He scored standing up.

Yes, that's baseball too. A game of skill, mathematical rule and measurable form—yet it can be won by a batter who closes his eyes and swings, by a sudden puff of wind that carries a ball just out of reach of a fielder's glove; and it can be lost because of an unexpected flash of sunlight through the clouds—or a pebble in the ground.

Unpredictable is the word, and that's another reason for its popularity.

Go on out to the park and see for yourself. (E.M.D.)



and has advantage over second baseman since he normally faces in direction of his relay, and also can observe approach of runner who will be trying to break up play.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

by TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

The story of man's supreme achievement in the mountains is here begun in the first of four instalments on the life of the great Sherpa climber, co-conqueror of Everest, as he recounted it to his distinguished fellow climber, biographer and friend. Tenzing's story will appear in expanded form in the book 'Tiger of the Snows,' to be published June 3 by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$4.50)





A rare reunion of three generations recently brought the Teuzing family together in Darjeeling. Standing, at left, is Teuzing's wife Ang Lahamu, their daughter Nina, aged 16; Teuzing's mother, and Teuzing himself. Older daughter Pen-Pen (18) is sitting at left with her Tibetan lap dog; Teuzing's favorite dog, Khonga, lies in foreground. Others in the picture are cousins of the family



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART I: In which a Sherpa lad grows up in faraway Nepal, in the shadow of a great mountain known to him as Chomolungma, nurturing a dream; and of the life and people of his homeland, and the 'yeti,' or Abominable Snowman; and how he leaves his native village to pursue that dream, and prepares for the life of a mountain man

MANY TIMES I think of that morning at Camp Nine. We have spent the night there, Hillary and I, in our little tent at almost 28,000 feet, which is the highest that men have ever slept. It has been a cold night, Hillary's boots are frozen, and we are almost frozen too. But now in the gray light, when we creep from the tent, there is almost no wind. The sky is clear and still. And that is good.

We look up. For weeks, for months, that is all we have done. And there it is—the top of Everest. Only it is different now; so near, so close, only a little more than 1,000 feet above us. It is no longer just a high dream in the sky, but a real and solid thing, a thing of rock and snow, that men can climb. We make ready. We will climb it. This time, with God's help, we will climb on to the end.

Then I look down. All the rest of the world is under us. To the west, Nuptse; to the south, Lhotse; to the east, Makalu; all of them great mountaintops, and beyond them hundreds of others, all under us. Straight down the ridge, 2,000 feet down, is the South Col, where our nearest friends wait: Sahibs Lowe and Gregory and the young Sherpa Ang Nyima, who yesterday helped us up to Camp Nine. Below that is the white wall of Lhotse, 4,000 feet more, and at its bottom the Western Cwm, where the rest of our friends wait at the advance base camp. Below the cwm is the Icefall, below the Icefall the Khumbu Glacier.

I see that Hillary is looking too, and I point. Below the glacier, 16,000 feet down, you can just see in the gray light the old monastery of Thyangboche.

To Hillary perhaps it does not mean so much. To a man from the West it is only a far strange place in a far strange country. But for me it is home. Beyond Thyangboche are the valleys and villages of Solo Khumbu, and there I was born and grew up. On the tall hillsides above them I climbed as a boy, tending my father's yaks. Home is close now. I can almost stretch out my hand and touch it. But if it is close, it is also far. Much farther than 16,000 feet. As we strap on our oxygen tanks I think back to the boy, so close and so far, who had never heard of oxygen, but yet looked up at this mountain and dreamed.

Then we turn around, Hillary and I. We begin to climb. It is many miles and many years that have brought me here.

IT is strange about the name Sherpa. The world hears it only in connection with mountains and expeditions, and so many people think it is a word meaning porter or guide. But this is not so at all. The Sherpas are a people, a tribe. According to those who have studied such things, there are about 100,000 of us, dwellers in the high uplands of the eastern Himalayas.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

Sherpa means "man from the east." But all that is known today about our past is that we are of Mongolian stock and that long ago our ancestors migrated from Tibet. In most things we are still more like Tibetans than any other larger group of people. Our language is similar (though we have no written form), and so are our clothing and food and many customs, especially among those who have not come into much contact with the outside world. One of the closest bonds is that of religion, for, like the Tibetans, we are Buddhists. Though there are no longer any Sherpa villages in Tibet, many of our people are attached to the Tibetan monastery of Rongbuk, on the far side of Everest, and there is much going back and forth between there and our own monastery of Thyangboche.

Also there are many caravans engaged in trade. And this I think is a remarkable thing for the present time; for Tibet is now Communist, while Nepal is not, yet here is one of the few places in the world where there is free trade and travel without passport. While everything else changes, life in the high Himalayan passes goes on the same as for thousands of years.

Over these passes our forefathers came south, many years ago, and settled in what is now our homeland of Solo Khumbu in northeastern Nepal. Through Solo Khumbu, which is really two districts, Solo farther south, Khumbu to the north and higher, flows the Dudh Kosi, which means "Milky River," pouring down in many tributaries from the high snows around Everest. Its deep valleys and gorges are the one main route to the south, and even today the only way to get to the rest of Nepal is along the steep trails that border it and its narrow hanging bridges. Even in the good seasons of spring and fall it takes almost two weeks to go to or from Katmandu, at the center of Nepal. Since Katmandu itself is in turn partly shut off from the rest of the world, it can be seen that Solo Khumbu is very remote and primitive.

The land there is harsh and stony; the weather is bitter; but still we have both agriculture and pasturage. But most important are the yaks. From them we get wool for clothing, leather for shoes, dung for fuel, milk, butter and cheese for food. For the Sherpas, as for all high Himalayan people, the yak is the great staple of life. From it a man can get almost everything he needs to nourish him and keep him warm.

There are no cities in Solo Khumbu, nor even a large town. In Khumbu the biggest village is Namche Bazar, which is now famous because of the recent Everest expeditions, and in the valleys around it are other villages such as Khumjung, Pangboche, Damdang, Shakum, Shumbung and Thami. Their houses are built of stone, usually with wood shingles for the roofs and wood for the doors and window frames; and of course there is no glass for the windows.

It has often been said that I was born in the village of Thami, but that is not quite right. My family lived in Thami, and I grew up there, but I was born in a place called Tsa-chu, near the great mountain Makalu and only a day's march from Everest. Tsa-chu, which means "Hot Springs," is a holy place of many stories and legends, and

my mother had gone there on a pilgrimage to the monastery of Ghang La, that being also our clan or family name. Near it is a great rock, shaped like the head of the Lord Buddha, out of which water is said to flow if a pious person touches it and prays. But if an evil and godless person does so, the rock remains only dry rock.

When I was born was not quite so easy as where. In Solo Khumbu, time is kept by the Tibetan calendar, which has no numbers for years but only names—like the Year of the Horse, the Tiger, the Ox, the Bird, the Serpent. There are 12 of them altogether, all named after animals, of which six are male and six female, and when they have passed, the cycle begins over again. For most of my life I have not known my own age, but only that I had been born in the Year of the Yoi, or Hare; but recently, being familiar with both the Tibetan and Western calendars, I have been able to figure back and find that this must also have been the year 1914. With the 12-year cycles it could also, of course, by plain arithmetic, be either 1902 or 1926. But I hope I am not so old as the first and am afraid I am not so young as the second. Thirty-nine sounds to me just right for the age at which I climbed Everest. And I am sure that it is.

The season of the year in which I was born was not so hard to tell. It could be fixed by the weather and the crops, and it was in the latter part of May. This has always seemed a good sign to me, for the end of May has been an important time throughout my life. The time of birth, to begin with. The time of great expeditions and the best mountain weather. It was on the 28th of May that I almost climbed to the top of Everest with Lambert and on the 29th, a year and a day later, that I reached it with Hillary. Since we have no proper records, Sherpa people do not have birthdays. But as an anniversary to celebrate, this day will do me for the rest of my life.

My mother's name is Kinzom. My father's name was Chang La Mingma. But a Sherpa child does not usually take the family name. My parents had 13 children, seven sons and six daughters, and I was the sixth; but life was hard and death always close in Solo Khumbu, and of all of us only myself and three sisters are still living. Until very recently I was the only one of the family to visit the outside world. Indeed, my father never did. When he died, in 1949, the farthest he had ever been was to Katmandu and to Rongbuk, in Tibet, where my mother's brother was once head lama. After the climbing of Everest, two of my surviving sisters came with their husbands and children to live in Darjeeling. And just this year my mother, too—though now 84 years old—left her old home in Thami and made the long trip to India. Now, for the first time since I was a boy, almost the whole living family is reunited in one place, and this makes me very happy.

Now I must tell something about my name. When I was born it was not Tenzing. My parents called me Namgyal Wangdi. But one day I was brought to a great lama from Rongbuk who consulted his holy books, and he said that I was the reincarnation of a very rich man who had died recently in Solo Khumbu, and that because of this my name must be changed. The name he suggested was Tenzing Norgay—or Norkey, or Norkey, as it has so often

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

been spelled—and the reason was that, like the lamas at Tsu-chu, he predicted great things for me. Tenzing means "supporter of religion," and Norgay means "wealthy," and the first name has been that of many lamas, and indeed of this lama himself. Anyhow, "Wealthy-Follower-of-Religion" sounded like a fine all-round name to go through life with, so my parents made the change and hoped for the best.

Later, when I was a little older, it was decided that I myself was to be a lama. I was sent to a monastery, my head was shaved, and I put on the robe of a novice. But after I had been there only a little time one of the lamas (who are not necessarily saints) got angry with me and hit me on the bare head with a wooden board, and I ran home and said I would not go back. My parents, who were always kind and loving to me, did not make me go back, but sometimes I wonder what would have happened if they had. Perhaps today I would be a lama; I do not know. Sometimes when I tell this story my friends say, "Oho, so it was a whack

on the head that made you so crazy about mountains!"

There are of course many things from my childhood that I have forgotten, but a few I remember well. One is riding around on the back of one of my older brothers, who is now long ago dead. Another is the animals in winter when they were crowded into the lower story of our house, and how they steamed and smelled as they came in out of the cold. Still another is the rest of us, the family, almost as crowded in the upper story; all of us packed together in no space at all, with the noise and the stench and the smoke from cooking, but happy and contented because we did not know there was any other way to live.

Many times as a child I saw Everest, rising high in the sky to the north above the tops of the nearer mountains. But it was not Everest then. It was Chomolungma. Usually Chomolungma is said to mean "Goddess Mother of the World." Sometimes "Goddess Mother of the Wind." But it did not mean either of these when I was a boy in Solo Khumbu. Then it meant "The Mountain So High No Bird Can Fly Over It." That is what all Sherpa mothers used to tell their children—what my own mother told me—and it is the name I still like best for this mountain that I love.

As a grown man I have come to realize that in some ways I am a little different from most of my people. And I think the difference had already begun at this time. I remember I was very shy and stayed much by myself, and while the other boys chased one another and played games with mud and stones I would sit alone and dream of far places and great journeys. I would pretend I was writing a letter to an important man in Lhasa who would come and get me. Or that I was leading an army there. And sometimes I would make my father laugh by asking him for a horse, so that I could go. Always as a child, a boy, a man, I have wanted to travel, to move, to go and see, to go and find; and I think this is a large part of the reason for what has happened in my life.

The dreams of Lhasa were when I was very young. Later I began to hear and think about other places. For many years Sherpas had gone from Solo Khumbu across the mountains and forests to Darjeeling, to work on the tea plantations or as porters and rickshaw coolies, and sometimes they would come back and tell about it. Then something even more interesting began to happen. An Englishman called Dr. Kellas, who was a noted explorer and climber, hired Sherpas from Darjeeling to go out with him into the mountains; a little later General Bruce of the Indian Army also took some on his expeditions; and soon that was what most of the Darjeeling Sherpas were doing—working as porters and helpers on expeditions to the high Himalayas. By the early '20s they were taking part in the earliest attempts on Everest, and it was then that our people began to earn their reputation as the best of all mountain men, which we have kept with pride ever since.

None of my own family went on these early expeditions. I would have given anything to go, but I was too young. Then for a while there were no more expeditions, and things were like they had always been in Solo Khumbu. I was big enough now to work with my father and older



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

brothers, and there was always much to do. We grew potatoes and also barley and we took care of the sheep and yaks. We ate only the simplest food—but there was always enough of it. The only things we got from outside were salt and sometimes dried meat from Tibet. The slaughter of animals is not approved of in Nepal, which is mostly Hindu, and most Buddhists also have this prohibition, so we did not kill our own yaks. What we often did, though, was to draw blood from a yak's throat, without killing it, and then curdle the blood and mix it with other food. We found it very strengthening—as good as a transfusion of blood into the body, like they do now for sick people in a hospital. I remember we used to do this most of all in the autumn, and not only for our own good, because it was getting colder, but for the yaks as well. After they had eaten heavily all summer they would often get too active and begin to fight or run away; and the drawing of blood would quiet them down.

What I liked best as a boy was to go out with the yaks and wander free and alone along the mountain slopes. In winter you could not go very high, because it was hiter

cold and the snow was deep; but in the other seasons there was fine grass—just like I saw years later in Switzerland—and we would cut it to use in the winter for fodder. Namche Bazar is at about 10,000 feet, Thami at about 12,000, but I used to go up as far as 18,000, tending the yaks. This was as high as grass grew for them, close beside the glaciers and under the walls of the great mountains.

It is these regions that are the home of the yeti, which is known now throughout the world as the Abominable Snowman. I had heard about the yeti since I was no more than a baby, for Solo Khumbu was full of stories about it; and before I was born my father had met one face to face. I myself have never seen one, and it was not until I was more than 30 years old that I even saw one's tracks. But as a boy, up on the stone slopes and glaciers, I would sometimes find the droppings of a strange animal that contained traces of rats and worms, and I was certain that this could only be the dung of the yeti.

Here are my father's stories about the yeti:

The first time he encountered this strange creature was on the Barun Glacier, which is close to the mountain



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

Makalu and also to Tsa-chu, where I was born. He came upon it suddenly, and it was so close that he says he saw it very clearly. It looked like a big monkey or ape, except that its eyes were deeply sunken and its head was pointed at the top. The color was grayish, and a noticeable thing was that the hair grew in two directions—from above the waist upward and from below the waist downward. It was about four feet high, and a female, with long hanging breasts; and when it ran, which was on two legs only, it held the breasts up with its hands. My father was frightened, of course. But so was the *yeti*. Right away it turned and began climbing a steep mountain slope, making a high shrill whistle, and soon it disappeared. After that my father was much worried, for there are many who claim that if a man sees a *yeti* he will surely die. He was lucky, though, and did not die. But he has told me that he was sick afterwards for almost a year.

There was another time, also, that he saw a *yeti*. This was in 1935, after he had come to Rongbuk, to visit me when I was with my first Everest expedition. One night he stayed alone at Camp One, on the glacier, while the rest of us were either at the base camp below or the other camps higher up, and in the morning, when it was just starting to be light, he heard a whistling sound outside the tent. He raised the flap and looked out, and there was a creature a little way off, coming down the glacier from south to north. Again, of course, my father was frightened. He did not want to look at the *yeti*, but also he did not want just to hide in the tent, for fear it would come closer, or even enter. So he stayed where he was until it had gone down the glacier and was out of sight, and then he came as fast as he could up to Camp Two, where I was at the time. When he arrived he embraced me and said, "I come all this way to see my son. And instead, I see a *yeti*." But this time he had not seen it so close, and he was not sick afterwards.

All over the Himalayas, among the hill people, there are stories about the *yeti*. And it is hard to tell which are true and which come only from imagination and superstition. In Solo Khumbu there is the story that years ago *yetis* came and lived close around the village of Targna. The Sherpas there would build their houses and cultivate their fields, but at night, or when the people were away, the *yeti*s would come and make great mischief, so that the building or planting would have to start all over again. The strange thing was that the *yeti*s did not just destroy. After they had done their damage they would try to rebuild the houses or replant the crops in their own way. But of course they did not do it right, and the villagers were desperate. Since they could never find the creatures when they went out to look for them, they decided they must use guile. So one day they went out to a place where they knew the *yeti*s gathered, because there was much dung around, and there they left several howls of chang, the strong Sherpa beer, and also many *kukris*, which are curved Nepali knives. When night came, as they had hoped, the *yeti*s found the chang and drank it. And when they were drunk they picked up the *kukris* and began to fight. In the morning, according to the story, almost all of them were dead, and the people of



Targna could again go peacefully about their business.

Among the Sherpas it is believed that there are two types of *yeti*: the *mitray*, which is a man-eater, and the *chutrey*, which eats only animals. But of the two the *chutrey* is supposed to be the bigger—something like a big bear, except that, as with all *yeti*s, its feet are said to point backward. Some Westerners and scientific men have thought that that is all the *yeti* is: a type of bear. The famous scientist Julian Huxley once came to Dargeling, where I met him, and he gave that opinion. But there are others who think it is more like a big monkey or ape, which is how my father described it.

Only a few people claim actually to have seen a *yeti*. The native mountain people do not want to see it, because everywhere it is believed that then evil will befall you. For myself, as I have said, I have never seen one—either drunk or sober, walking forward or backward. I am not a superstitious man. I do not believe it is anything supernatural, nor do I believe many of the crazy stories I have heard. But I do not think my father was a liar and made his stories up out of his head. And certainly the tracks I have seen both on the Zemu Glacier in 1946 and near Everest in 1952 do not look like those of any familiar creature. Though I cannot prove it, I am convinced that some such thing exists. My belief is that it is an animal, not a man; that it moves about mostly at night and lives on the plants and small beasts of the highest mountain pastures; and that it probably is an ape of a type not yet known to us. So the mystery of the living *yeti*, and what it is like, still remains to be solved.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

As a child, I was a little frightened of the *yeti*, of course, but not as frightened as I was curious. And this was the way I felt, too, about the great silent mountains that rose around me. The lamas told many stories of the terror of the snows—of gods and demons and creatures far worse than *yetis*, who guarded the heights and would bring doom to any man who ventured there. But I knew that men, and among them my own people, had climbed high on the other side of Chomolungma, and though some had been killed, more had returned alive. What I wanted was to see for myself, find out for myself. This was the dream I have had as long as I can remember. There they stood above me, the great mountains: Makalu, Lhotse, Nuptse, Ama Dablam, Gaurishankar, Cho Oyu, a hundred others. And above them all, Chomolungma—Everest. "No bird can fly over it," said the story. But what could a man do? A man with a dream. . .

THE WORLD was so big, Solo Khumbu so small. And as I grew older I knew that I must leave. But when I first left it was not for the mountains, or even for Darjeeling, but for Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. I was only 13 then, and I could not go openly; so I ran away, and I felt very guilty. For about two weeks I went all around the city and saw the crowds and the bazaars and the temples, and all sorts of things I had never seen before. But then I got homesick, and when I met some other people from Solo Khumbu, who were about to go back home, I went along with them. My parents were so glad to see me again that they hugged me. Then when they were through hugging, they spanked me.

For five more years after that I stayed at home. There were no Everest expeditions during that time, or the temptation to go would perhaps have been too great. But even so, I knew that I could not stay in Solo Khumbu forever—that I was not made to be a farmer or a herder—and late in 1932, when I was 18, I left again. This time it was not for Katmandu but Darjeeling, and though once more I seemed to be turning my back on Chomolungma I felt that really I was going toward it; for now the word had spread that there was to be another expedition in 1933, and I was determined to go with it if I possibly could.

One of my companions was Dawa Thondup, who has since become a famous Sherpa. He was older than I, and though he had never been to Darjeeling, he seemed to know a lot about it, talking about the new expedition that would soon be leaving for Everest and how we would surely get jobs with it. He had me so excited that I would have liked to run all the way. But you do not run across the wild country of eastern Nepal. You creep up and down, round and about, over steep ridges, through jungle valleys, across rushing rivers, on trails that you can hardly see. For most of the long journey our group stayed together; but then, when we got near the border of Nepal and India, there was some sort of mixup, and the others went on without me, taking all the food. I was lucky, though. In a nearby town called Simana I met a well-to-do man called Ringa Lama who took me into his house. At this time I knew only the Sherpa language and no Nepali, but here I was lucky too, because Ringa Lama knew some Sherpa. His family liked me and were very kind, feeding me and giving me new Nepali clothing; and in return I did work around the



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

house and collected firewood for them in the jungle. But I was lonely and sorry for myself, away from my own people, and often, out in the jungle alone, I would sit down beneath a tree and weep. Already I was learning that dreams and reality are not quite the same thing.

After I had been in Simana a while I told Ringa Lama how much I wanted to go to Darjeeling, and to my joy he said, "All right, I am going there myself on business, and I will take you." We made the trip in an automobile, which was the first time I had ever seen one. And when we got to Darjeeling there were all kinds of other things I had never seen before. It was bigger than Katmandu and much more civilized, and full of modern inventions and engines, including a railway. Also there were many *chilingas*—which is the Sherpa word for foreigners or outlanders—and this was the first time I had ever seen Europeans.

At first I did not stay in Darjeeling but in a nearby village called Alubari, which means "Place Where Potatoes Grow." It was Ringa Lama who took me there, and he arranged that I would live with a cousin of his who was named Pouri. Pouri had 15 cows, and it was my job to take care of them and also to do general work around the place. Here I began to learn the Nepali language, which is much used in Darjeeling, and also Yalmo, another speech of the region. My best teacher was a man called Manbahadur Tamang, who worked with me cutting grass for the cows, and I was very grateful to him. Today Tamang and I are old friends, and recently he has been working for me as a mason on my new house. Often we talk of those early days, remembering this and that—and especially how one day, when we were gathering firewood in a restricted area, a forest guard came along, tied us to a tree and beat us.

Sometimes, when I was working for Pouri, I was sent into Darjeeling to sell milk. And these were the great days for me, because that was where I wanted to be. The town is built on the side of a steep hill, looking north, and about 50 miles away, across the deep valleys of Sikkim, is the main eastern range of the Himalayas, with Kanchenjunga in the center. Often I used to look at it, standing great and white in the sky, and this would make me feel good, because I knew then that, even in this strange new world, I was not too far away from the mountains that I loved. Then, too, there was Darjeeling itself, and this was a marvelous place to a young boy from the country. I am afraid I paid much less attention to my cans of milk than to all the wonders that lay around me.

Something even more exciting, though, was soon to happen, and this was the organization of the Everest expedition of 1933. Early in the year the climbers arrived from England, the whole town was upside down with the preparations,

and Sahib Hugh Ruttledge, the expedition leader, sat up on the verandah of the Planters' Club while most of the Sherpas in Darjeeling went to see him about jobs. Now I did not think about milk at all. All I thought was "I must go too. They must take me too." At first I was afraid to go myself to the Planters' Club, so I went to my friend Dawa



Thondup, who was already signed up, and asked him to speak for me. But now he said no, I was too young. "I am full-grown and as strong as any man," I told him. But he and the other Sherpas kept saying, "No, you are too young." They would do nothing for me, and I have never been more angry in my life. When the expedition marched off from Darjeeling I stayed behind and was very miserable.

For many months I went on taking care of Pouri's cows and selling their milk. One of my customers was a young woman called Ang Lahmu, a Sherpani who had been born in Darjeeling and worked there as an ayah, or housemaid. I never spoke the Sherpa language to her, but only Nepali, and she did not even know I was a Sherpa; and we used to argue all the time when we did business. "If I buy from you you must give me extra measure," she would say. "No, I cannot," I would tell her. "You are cheap and stingy," she would say. "And you are a hard bargainer," I would answer. This would not be an interesting story, and I would probably not even remember it—except that Ang Lahmu is now my second wife.

After I had been in Darjeeling about a year I heard from people coming from Solo Khumbu that my parents thought I was dead. I decided I must go back and see them; but Pouri did not want me to go and said that if I left I must get a substitute to do my work. So I went into town, found a man on the street and brought him back. And then I left quickly before Pouri could find any more objections.

When I reached home I found the travelers had been right: my parents were performing rites for me as if I had died. At first sight of me they began to weep, but when they were through weeping they were very happy—and this time there was no spanking. There had been an earthquake in Solo Khumbu while I was gone; part of our house had fallen down, and the first thing I did was go to work

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

and rebuild it. Afterwards I did the same sort of work I had done before, with the crops and the yaks, and when the next summer came I went for the first time to Tibet. This was to fetch salt, which is always scarce in my home country, and I went over the great pass of Nangpa La (*la* means pass in Tibetan) and around to a place called Thingti Gangar, near Rongbuk, on the far side of Everest. During the trip I had a chance to see the famous Rongbuk Monastery, which is far larger than that at Thyangboche, with more than 500 men and women monks. Close to here all the British Everest expeditions made their base camps, but in this year—1934—there was no attempt. Otherwise that salt might have had to wait a while before getting back to Solo Khumbu.

Later in the year, after I had been a few more months at home, my father asked me to go again to Tibet for the same purpose. But by now I knew for certain that I could never be happy in this life and that I must return to the outside world; so instead of going I left once more, in the fall, for Darjeeling. Although my father never came there, I saw him twice again in the next few years, when he himself came over the Nangpa La to visit the 1935 and 1938 Everest expeditions. But I did not see my mother again until I went with the first Swiss expedition to the south side in 1952.

Back in Darjeeling I did not return to Alubari, with its cows and potatoes, but moved into the town itself. There were two districts where most of the Sherpas lived, called Toong Soong Busti and Bhutia Busti (*busti* means village), and I stayed in Toong Soong, which has been my home for much of the time ever since. By good luck I became a tenant in the house of Ang Tharkay, who was already an experienced mountaineer and today ranks as one of the most celebrated of all Sherpas. And soon I was no longer the lonely outsider I had been before. Nearly lived my old friend Dawa Thondup, now also a veteran, and other men who had won fame on Everest and elsewhere.

In that autumn of 1934 all the talk was of the German expedition of the past summer to Nanga Parbat, in distant Kashmir. And it was not happy talk, because there had been a terrible disaster. Many Sherpas had been along—the first time most of them had been so far away from home—and six of them had lost their lives, along with four Germans, in a great storm high up on the mountain. As a result, there was mourning and grief in many homes in

Toong Soong Busti, but there was also a certain deep pride in what our men had borne and accomplished. In particular, Dawa Thondup and Ang Tshering, who had been along and survived, told me of the deeds of their friend Gyal, who was usually called Gaylay. In the worst of the storm Gaylay had been far up on the peak with the expedition leader, Willy Merkl. He could probably have gotten down to the lower camps in safety. But as they struggled to descend, Merkl grew weaker and weaker, until finally he could go no farther and, rather than leave him alone, Gaylay had stayed and died with him. Even though I had not yet been on a mountain, such a story made me, too, proud to be a Sherpa.

During this time of year there were of course no expeditions going out, so I had to be patient. As in Solo Khumbu, there had been a recent earthquake in Darjeeling, and for a while I was employed as a laborer on the rebuilding of the chapel at St. Paul's School. For this work I was paid 12 annas a day (then about 28¢); and though this may seem very little, it was considered good wages then and more than most Sherpas could make off season. For, except for a handful of merchants and traders—most of whom had moved away—we were all dirt poor.

In Toong Soong Busti we lived in wooden shacks with tin roofs, with usually a whole family in a single room. Our food was rice and potatoes. Our earnings, even when we were working, were very small, and the only blessing was that our wants were small too.

Early in 1935 I was married. My wife's name was Dawa Phuti, and Phuti means "Lucky Wife Who Brings Children," which was soon to be true. She too had been born in Solo Khumbu, where I had seen her sometimes, though I did not know her well until we were both in Darjeeling. We found a little room in Toong Soong Busti and were very happy, but we were together for only a short while.

For now at last, after so much hoping and waiting, my life in the mountains was about to begin.



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How the young Sherpa becomes a mountain man at last; and gains experience on many expeditions; and loses a great attempt, but wins a great friend

Figures Show

the modern taste
is for light refreshment

ONE LOOK at this modern hostess's silhouette and you can just about guess the kind of thing she keeps in that refrigerator.

You know it's stocked with the lighter, less filling foods that make up the diet of today's most attractive people.

That's how they keep those youthful, slender waistlines, year after year. Why they feel so good, so fit for all the fun modern living has to offer.

And it is for their modern taste that today's Pepsi-Cola is made—never heavy, never too sweet.

Refresh without filling.
Have a Pepsi, the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment



Sparkling Colors in Linen-Look Sport Shirts

LIN'N TONIC

by

Wings



- A. Window pane checks by Besant Mills . \$2.98
- B. Exclusive Egyptian print . . \$2.98
- C. Solid colors with Milano collar . . . \$5.98

Cheers for the unconditionally washable, new rayon weaves . . . and for those low Wings price tags.

Note's Now the colors blend smoothly with your favorite slacks.



WINGS, 4 WEST 55 STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

SPORTING LOOK

RUGBY WEEK FASHION SHOW

EVERY YEAR, just before Easter, Ivy League collegians head for a holiday in Bermuda. "College Week," which this year was a four-week celebration, is an outgrowth of traditional Rugby Week, which began in 1935 as an invitational tournament between collegiate teams and Bermuda locals. This year's celebration wound up with Rugby Week and a championship for Harvard University. College Week has also developed a continuous standing, sitting, kneeling, watching fraternal fashion show—on the coral beaches, on buzzing motor hikes, around the rugby matches on the BAA field. An estimated 4,800 students, dressed mainly in the uniform of Bermuda shorts, shirt, sweater and sneakers, this year gave a few clues to those minute changes which characterize college fashion. For 1955, college girls have taken up knitted wool bathing suits and hooded, sacklike beach shirts. College men are for madras swim trunks, slim cut and shorter than last year. Madras Bermuda shorts will be taken back to campuses as potential displacers of the favored khakis. And even in the land of the bargain-buy cashmere, collegiate favor was shifting to Shetland sweaters (\$10) in charcoal shades and V-neck cable knit white tennis sweaters (\$8).

SUNNING SUIT of pleated white cotton, banded with rosy rhinix, is worn by Linda Stearns, Garland Junior College, Boston, as she looks over college crowd at Elbow Beach.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK





KNITTED SWIM SUITS, worn by the Cassidy sisters, are suitable for both sunning and swimming. Jane (left), in navy and white suit, is college graduate, Lois, in gray suit, is Pembroke student.

HOODED SHIRT is "most daring thing" Smith student Sandra Van Fossen ever bought, is typical of knitted shirts college girls wore over bathing suits at Elbow Beach.





STRIPED KNITTED suit with strap down the back worn by Poppy Bingham of Smith has fashionable long-torso cut, is safe to wear in water. This is first year for strong collegiate support of knits.

CALFSKIN SHORTS are Sally McQuade's own choice for Bermuda bicycling and are, she says, becoming a fad at Smith. Bermuda bicycles with motors and hand brakes are the only motorized vehicles non-residents are allowed to drive.

AT RUGBY FIELD Haddon Bowen of Pine Manor and Ron Roth of Dartmouth wear "the uniform"—Bermuda shorts and shirts. Haddon, the current Miso College Week in Bermuda, wears rugby jersey of Dartmouth's Bob Channon (left).





FOURSOME

Following their tee shots, a foursome strides down the lush green fairway of Augusta's first hole to start a round of golf. Similar scenes will be enacted by millions of

golfers this year. But what makes this foursome unique is that the man at the left, swinging his driver with the carefree abandon of a man bent on escaping all



pressures, occupies the White House. His companions for the day are Clifford Roberts, Billy Joe Patton, Dr. Cary Middlecoff.



TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of all degrees of skill

from **GENE ANDERSEN**, pro at Oyster Harbors Club, Oysterville, Mass.

NO HORROR in golf is worse than shanking—hitting the ball off the extreme heel of the club and having it skid crazily off to the right, sometimes at almost a right angle. After hitting his first shank a golfer gets panicky, and in his panic he keeps hitting shank after shank until his game is wrecked. Just to talk about it makes the blood run cold.

Many experts contend there is no cure for shanking except to give the game up for a while. I am inclined to disagree for the good reason that I have been able to cure hundreds of cases. Shanking is 90% mental. It is also a temporary disease. The best method of treating a temporary disease is a temporary cure.

I use positive methods on the practice tee in beginning the cure. Instead of telling the afflicted golfer not to be conscious of the heel of the blade, I stress that he should line the ball up at the toe of the blade. After a couple of trial swings, I start him hitting toe shots, the opposite of shanks. Even a poorly hit toe shot goes out there pretty well. Then, after the golfer has hit 50 or so toe shots, I gradually move the ball to the center of the blade. Invariably, he plays good shots with increasing confidence. His shanking troubles are over.



At left, how the toe shot looks to the golfer. Above, a close-up of ball and blade on the toe shot

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: CLAUDE HARMON ON SQUARING THE CLUB FACE



The third at Ponte Vedra. Left: Jackie Robinson.

Here you need the new power of '55 clubs

It takes a 240-yard drive to clear an acre of traps on the 3rd at Ponte Vedra . . . a time when you need the extra power and distance that leading golf manufacturers are building into their new clubs—thanks in part to a new golf shaft development by True Temper.

The New Rocket shaft by True Temper is made of special boron alloy steel, stronger without increase in weight. Uniform wall thickness and weight distribution bring you amazing power and direction control.

If you're interested in playing better golf ask your pro to fit your style of swing with a Rocket-shafted club of proper length and flexibility . . . then *FEEL* the difference.

While you're at it . . . look at your pro's clubs . . . odds are 98 to 1 he uses True Temper shafts, too.

TRUE TEMPER GOLF SHAFTS

True Temper, famous for finest quality, is fishing tackle, lawn, garden, home and industrial tools.

Look for the True Temper brand in the band

COLUMN OF THE WEEK



THEY say that there can be no new plays in baseball. Yet it's quite possible that Jackie Robinson produced a new one on Wednesday. No baseball man this inquiring reporter questioned had seen it before and not all agreed on what should be done about it.

Jackie broke up a sure double play by permitting himself to be hit by a batted ball. It happened in the Dodger opener against the Pirates. The bases were full and Robbie was taking a lead off second when Roy Campanella grounded to short. Robbie let the ball hit him. So he was declared out. Campy was credited with an automatic hit and the bases remained full. But there was no double play.

"It was smart," said Leo Durocher when he was asked about the stratagem a day later. "But if that play happened the way I heard it happened, he wouldn't have got away with it against me. I'd have shot out of the dugout screaming. And I'd have insisted that the umpires call it a double play anyway. They'd hafta call it that way."

QUESTION OF LEGALITY

"What rule did he violate? If it's deliberate interference, the umpire can call out the batter as well as the runner. It's a judgment play. The ump has to use his judgment just like when a base-runner tries to take out the middle man at second in a double play. The runner isn't tagged but the umpire calls him out for leaving the baseline. It's a matter of judgment. Don't you agree?"

It so happened that his listener didn't agree at all. But before he had a chance to ask the Dandy Little Manager what specific rule supported his argument, the impetuous Frank Frisch added to the confusion. The Old Fish is still a manager at heart.

"Sure it has to be called a double play," insisted Frisch with such emphasis that a listener quailed before

The New York Times.

Intrigued by Jackie Robinson's new method of breaking up a double play, Columnist Arthur Daley turns inquiring reporter to determine the legality of the strategy and gets varied reactions from Leo Durocher, who screams no, and Warren Giles, who says yes

his wrath. "It stands to reason that a runner can't be permitted to interfere with a double play. The umpires have to call both outs anyway."

Advice then was sought from several umpires, a breed of mankind which normally shuns controversy. The men in blue preferred to remain unidentified and only on that basis would they speak. Here's a composite quote:

"We agree with Leo," they began, "that deliberate interference with a double-play ball is wrong. But there isn't a thing we can do about it. He can scream and rant all he likes but no umpire has a right to presume that a double play would have been made. Maybe the shortstop would have thrown the ball into right field. How do we know? And we hope the rules are never changed to cover the issue Robinson raised. Then it would be a matter of judgment, and an umpire's life is tough enough without having that complication added to it."

Warren Giles, the president of the National League and the final court of appeals for his circuit, was not so bashful as his umpires. He didn't object to going on record.

"There's nothing in the rules against the play in question," said Warren in his usual forthright fashion. "After I read in the papers about Robinson's maneuver, I checked back through the

book and found nothing to prevent it. Leo can squawk all he wants but I'm afraid it will be to no avail."

Oddly enough, the stratagem was conceived by Pee Wee Reese, the captain of the Brooks. He talked it over with Junior Gilliam and they agreed to try it if the situation arose. But Jackie beat them to it.

UMPIRES CAN'T PRESUME

Whenever a ball player mangles an easy double play and gets only one out instead of two, he isn't charged with an error because the official scorer is instructed that he is "never to presume a double play would have been made." That has to apply to umpires, too. Durocher's blent has solid foundations in the field of common justice but none in the rule book.

But suppose Leo is correct. The only culprit—if culprit he be—would be the runner. He could be called out for being hit by a batted ball or he could be called out for interference. But not both. Baseball limits one out to each customer. Furthermore, the ball is dead once the runner has been hit by a batted ball. Can that second out be called when the game is in a state of suspended animation?

Admittedly this isn't a play that will be seen often. Yet it has assumed intriguing aspects.

END



Gilman Wilson

"I tell you, Smith, it's greater than skin diving!"

take along
CORONET
brandy

in the
Handy-Pack
Flask...



Paul Klee

BRANDY DIST. CORP., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

THE FIERCE NEW JAGUAR

In a road test John Bentley finds it fast, quiet, flexible, comfortable and easy to drive

by JOHN BENTLEY



WHEN a car is selling so well that no dealer can keep a demonstrator long enough to build up sufficient mileage for a road test, that machine must be what enthusiasts call "desirable property." The new Jaguar XK140MC roadster falls into that category. It was only the enterprise of the Hempstead, N.Y. Auto Co. that secured me one of these coveted specimens. The car belongs to George F. Rolfe, a customer who generously gave me a free hand with his prized possession. This immaculate white Jag with red leather upholstery showed an adequate 5,000 miles when I took the wheel; it also bore obvious signs of perfectionist maintenance.

The XK140MC is a patent example of the European concept that "today's race car is tomorrow's touring car." Many of its features are directly inherited from the famous "C-Type"

Jaguar which set countless new records in all kinds of races; hence the designation "M" for Modified and "C" for Competition.

The new Jag still features the extremely efficient Westlake-designed aluminum cylinder head, now equipped with high-lift camshafts, larger valves and huskier carburetors. Compared with the original XK120, this has resulted in a 50 hp increase and a rise in power peak from 4,900 to 5,750 rpm. In terms of performance, it means sizzling acceleration and (in overdrive) a top speed close to that of a Formula II Grand Prix car. Given leeway, the XK140MC will outstrip any true production sports car, regardless of price or power, yet it has enough "dig out" to spin the wheels on dry concrete. I did it time and again during the acceleration tests.

The gearbox is a wonderful mechanism, rugged, silent and quick enough to make it almost impossible to clash gears, no matter how fast you shift. Too, the shortened shift lever seems to have cured a slight sponginess of action noted on earlier Jags. On a half-mile test strip I easily hit 110 mph, at which point—had there been room enough—the Laycock de Normanville overdrive (an optional extra) would really have come into its own. Flick a dashboard switch and instantly the high-gear ratio goes up 28% while engine revs drop correspondingly. The overdrive can be cut in or out at any speed with barely a transitional tremor, provided you keep your foot on the throttle. Otherwise, damage would result from the sudden load thrown on the rear axle. For this and other reasons, the overdrive is not recommended in competition. Instead, the racing enthusiast

has the free option of a 3.54 or a 3.31 axle ratio.

The XK140MC's rack and pinion steering is another racing inheritance. It is so light, positive and accurate that I was able to drive at 40 mph in a tight circle with tires squealing, using only one hand to keep the car on its dizzy course. Yet, when tackling a curve at high speed there is just the right degree of self-centering action.

NO OVERHEATING

What's more, the decreased angle of the steering wheel resulting from the universal joint on the column provides better vision over the top of the wheel. It also affords two inches more space between the bottom of the rim and the seat. The seat itself, happily, has been moved back and the bulkhead pushed forward to provide five inches of additional leg room.

Among other improvements, heavier torsion bars and shock absorbers give the XK140MC a firmer, more comfortable ride with far less body lean when cornering fast. Gone is that annoying tendency to overheat in traffic which once plagued XK owners. The water impeller operates at a higher speed and a shrouded eight-blade fan draws adequate air through a sloping radiator with its water capacity increased by two quarts.

What of the debit side? There are two things about the XK140MC that I don't like. One fault is serious and of long standing; the other new and trivial. The old fault has caused me, as a race driver, much vexation and many anxious moments. I refer to the brakes, inadequate when matched against the tremendous pace of this machine. A new master cylinder and smoother

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration through gears	
(Low) 0-30 mph:	3.3 secs.
(Low & 2nd) 0-50 mph:	6.7 secs.
(Low, 2nd & 3rd) 0-60 mph:	8.4 secs.
(Low, 2nd & 3rd) 0-80 mph:	13.9 secs.
(3rd) 30-50 mph:	4.4 secs.
(High) 30-50 mph:	6.2 secs.
Standing quarter mile:	16.2 secs.
Maximum speed obtained (indicated) in High:	110 mph
Maximum speed (estimated) @ 5,750 rpm in High:	113 mph (estimated)
@ 5,750 rpm in Overdrive:	145 mph
Brake test (concrete surface) From 30 mph:	31 ft. 1 in.
Gas consumption (including heavy traffic and all tests):	12.7 mpg
Weather: clear & cold; 45°F; wind NW @ 20 mph	
Speedometer correction: at 80 mph read 86 mph; 7.5% fast	

pedal action are provided on the latest car, and occasional panic stops from moderate speeds offer no problem. Repeated hard applications at 80 or 100 mph, however, induce brake fade. On the car tested, the linings gave forth an objectionable burning smell. Having come so far, it's hard to understand why Jaguar engineers still cling to heavy, cast-iron drums that store up blistering heat and ruin brake efficiency. Enthusiasts would gladly pay the extra cost of factory-fitted Al-Fin type lined aluminum drums.

My other criticism centers on the "looking-up" of the hood and trunk lid with fancy medallions and chrome strips. These trimmings rob the car of its former arrogant sleekness and spoil the patrician simplicity that was the very essence of its good looks. As an American enthusiast put it: "The British unfortunately don't have the right kind of bad taste for styling."

But the debits against XK140MC are insignificant beside its credits. It is a wondrous machine—docile, fast, quiet, flexible, comfortable and easy to drive. It has almost everything the enthusiast could wish for and it has it at a price that makes the Jaguar one of the best sports car dollar values on the market. (E.N.D.)

SPECIFICATIONS

engine & chassis

No. of cylinders	6
Bore	3.26 in.
Stroke	4.17 in.
Displacement	209.96 cu. in.
Compression ratio	8:1
Maximum output	210 bhp @ 5,750 rpm
Bore/stroke ratio	1:1.27
Bhp per cu. in.	.99
Valves	Overhead—20HC
Carburetors	Twin SU sidedraft
	1½-in.
Transmission	Four-speed synchromesh
	Laycock de Normanville Overdrive
	High gear only
Over-all ratios	Low 15.34
	2nd 8.11
	3rd 5.59
	High 4.09
	Overdrive 3.19
Rear axle ratio	4.09
Piston speed @ 100 mph	2,767 fpm
Maximum torque @ 4,000 rpm	
	213 lbs./ft.
Mph per 1,000 rpm (High)	19.62
	(Overdrive) 25.11
Weight (car tested, with 15 gallons)	3,040 lbs.
Power/weight ratio	14.47 lbs./bhp
Turning diameter	35 ft.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	3½
Tire size	600 x 16
Brake lining area	189 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	16½
Price (including wire wheels, overdrive and "C" type cylinder head)	\$3,905

From core...to score... golfing's greatest ball

new, improved U. S. ROYAL

It flew to great new heights of popularity last year...and now the U. S. Royal is still further advanced—so good you have to play it to appreciate it!

U. S. Royal's exclusive Silicone "Magic" Center gives smoother, true-flight power, and it's electronically wound for perfect tension—precise, beautiful balance—the sweetest click in the game!

The Famous Cadwell Cover is now tougher still! A secret elastomeric compound fights off nicks and cuts for "new ball" performance game after game! A triple coat of special, extra-white enamel washes new again and again. And a distinctive new "blue spot" gives instant identification.

2 cover designs, too...the widely acclaimed new U. S. Diamond-marked cover, or the popular dimple design...both U.S.G.A. approved. In new, improved Flo-Guard package that keeps your U. S. Royals new, wraps open instantly. U. S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS at your pro shop



Ladies! There's a new Queen Royal tailored to your swing!

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK



"Loaded for bear"

There's mighty potent ammunition under the hood of the new Corvette—for now the "Blue-Flame" 6 is joined by a very special 195-h.p. version of the astonishing Chevrolet V8 engine!

This is the engine sports car drivers have been waiting for—compact, low in weight, ultra-rigid, with all the inherent virtues of Chevrolet's three-inch stroke, massive crankshaft, and short manifolds. And when you add an almost pressure-free dual exhaust system, a high-lift camshaft and four-barrel carburetor, you get *GO* in great big capital letters!

How does it go? Like "The Ride of the Valkyries," the takeoff of a V-2 rocket, the plunge down the Cresta bobsled run—all wrapped up in one! You never felt anything like this sheer triumphant surge of power... or the way the V8 Corvette cruises, as effortlessly as a flame burns.

Even if you have known the Corvette before... if you have tested its rock-solid

stability on curves, its polo-pony compactness, its fantastic grip on the road, and its hairline 16 to 1 steering... the V8 version will stun you. But if you have never driven any Corvette, then you are to be envied. You have an experience coming—a singing jubilation that will tingle in your memory all the rest of your life!

True, you risk spoiling yourself for every other kind of car. But why not phone your Chevrolet dealer, now, and set up a date with the new V8?... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE

GARDENING

FEEL MY MUSCLES

A brief for what is undoubtedly the nation's most unpublicized group of sportsmen—the yard fixers

by PHILIP WYLIE



WHEN my brother Max and I were teen-agers we used to borrow a neighbor's lawnmower, divide the Wylie yard into equal sections, and race each other to the finish. Our competition included general neatness along with clipping and trimming; it had, that is, rules. Later, in the "victory gardens" of World War I, we, who helped with the harvest, staged "picking races" down the interminable rows of peas and beans. Such creation of games out of essential work is commonplace. Nevertheless, yard-tending and gardening hardly seem sporting to adolescents; and few adults regard a hoe as they do a No. 2 iron or a fly rod.

That is unfortunate since, in all likelihood, the care of immediate landscape is probably the largest outdoor

activity of the greatest number of American males—whether it is undertaken for recreation, exercise, fun, or out of necessity. I would like to submit a brief in its defense, as a sport, even though I do not expect the editors of this magazine to open a department dedicated to yardmen. My hope is merely to overcome the slight sheepishness of commuters who carry home forsythia bushes in spring evenings—i.e., to point out to nongardeners that the man with the hoe is no sissy.

To begin with, the care of yards and gardens can be an exceedingly strenuous occupation. Just spraying my own hedges, shrubs and young trees in Florida, for example, requires about the same amount of walking as 18 holes of golf—and a great many times the mus-

cular effort of arm and shoulder that would be involved in the many strokes of the worst dub. Yard owners in the northeastern states last autumn discovered a vigorous aspect of landscaper-tending which we Floridians have always known about: clearing up after hurricanes. If the lawn debris involves fallen trees, furthermore, and these are sawed up for firewood, the operation can approximate the training activities of prize fighters.

Preparing the ground for the planting of a large shrub or medium tree can be fairly herculean. Digging with a shovel is a challenge to the muscles; when a pick is required, the work grows formidable. Huge sums are spent in gymnasiums by men seeking exercise when those two tools could furnish an abundance right at home. In the case of south Floridians, nearly all yards are underlain by limestone, which must be reamed out by hand to make a hole. Persons in Colorado, Connecticut and elsewhere, deal with boulders. On one occasion, when I excavated for a fair-sized water-lily pool, I contracted an ailment attesting these rigors. It is called "miner's elbow" and usually afflicts only hard-sweating gents underground—along with those Trojans of the streets who run jackhammers.

continued on next page



"There's not enough closet space."

For Faster Action



NEW PUSH- BUTTON FOCUSING

EXCLUSIVE WITH

Graphic® 35

1955's MOST IMPORTANT
CAMERA ADVANCE

COMPLETE
WITH LEATHER CASE
AND FLASH

\$89.50

Reduce time between shots with PUSH-BUTTON focusing. Press the buttons for needle-sharp, coupled rangefinder focus. Features include: precision all-metal construction; Spectramatic flash settings; Van-Brady footage scale, color-corrected f/3.5 Graflex lens; built-in self-timer, clip-on flash and synchronization for all flash lamps and electronic flash. Shutter speeds to 1/200 second. Handsome scuff-proof silver gray covering, satin chrome finish and diamond turned knobs give real luxury look. The perfect camera for the sportsman or woman.

GRAFLEX® *Price-Winning Camera*

For your Graflex dealer, see the yellow pages of your phone book.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER: DEPT. SF-25, GRAFLEX, INC., ROCHESTER 8, N. Y.

If you live in **Boston**



don't miss **JORDAN MARSH**

Sport & Vacation Carnival

in cooperation with



the week of April 18 to 23

GARDENING

continued from page 51

The ancillary jobs one does around the place can also be hazardous—qualifying them among the sports which are enlivened by bodily risk. Readers inclined to scoff at that statement are urged to spend a few days pruning the diseased upper limbs from trees a hundred feet or more in height. If that ordinary assignment is too much for their nerves, let them undertake the everyday gardener's job of clearing out a nest of hornets. The mere removal of a thicket of poisonwood can be a test of skill, coordination and concentration! And I once found that removing an extensive deposit of large rocks which had become a breeding place of rattlesnakes furnished the most consummate thrills.

Gardening and its attendant games are also more rule-ridden and hence demanding of exactitude than organized games. The person who doubts that need but to look into the regimen required by any single species of plant. A rosebush may grow on its own and even bloom; but the person who wants to be sure of roses becomes a technician as well as something of an athlete. Roses, however, are but one sort of plant; the well-gardened yard will have a hundred. Hence the man who plants and tends them has a headful of data that would shame a baseball fan or an amateur handicapper.

YARDMANSHIP'S REQUIREMENTS

Beyond other sports and games, yardmanship requires the oaken heart, the smile at defeat, the will to go on with the fight, which characterizes sportsmanship itself. For what gardener has not risen of a pearly morning to see the fruit of a year's strategic thinking and a summer's sinewy toil utterly destroyed—and in an eyewink—by army worms or blight? Here, then, is a sport in which your team may be more than beaten: it can be slaughtered, exterminated!

For such reasons, it is my feeling that gardening—a generic name for a number of taxing, risky, thrilling, body-building forms of recreation—deserves more than a simpler from gentlemen who merely sit and watch people play ball—and more than a smirk from those who actually bat balls back and forth over tennis nets. The next time you see a commuter with a boxful of seedlings think twice before you consign him to the legion of heepeeked weaklings. Think twice—then go feel his muscle!

END

HORSES

MATCH RACE

That's what the Wood Memorial looks like as Nashua meets Summer Tan
by ALBION HUGHES

For the average man who follows the races in an average way it's a bonanza year if there is just one outstanding horse to watch and follow. Right now he has two, Nashua and Summer Tan, who will meet, if all goes well, in the 31st running of Jamaica's Wood Memorial this Saturday. The impact of that get-together will reverberate in Churchill Downs.

Pervert rivals last year, the two stars have not met as 3-year-olds. But the prospective meeting has caused as much excitement as if the Jamaica contest were the Kentucky Derby, and partisanship is as vehement as if the Giants and the Dodgers were involved.

Nashua, the Belmont Futurity winner, was named top 2-year-old of 1954. Summer Tan, however, after winning the Garden State, was assigned one pound more by New York Handicapper Jimmy Kilroe to head this spring's Experimental Free Handicap.

THE RECORD CLARIFIED

Should he look at the record, the racing tyro would need to have a few things clarified. He would see that Nashua has defeated Summer Tan three times while he was beaten only once by his rival. The novice would also learn that Nashua's total earnings are \$402,340 against Summer Tan's \$234,321. So he might well say, "What's all the shouting about?" But it's not that simple. The big question mark about 3-year-olds at pre-Derby time is: can they go a distance?

Summer Tan in all his races has shown a tendency to do just that. Nashua has also proved, particularly in the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, that while distance is no bugaboo to him he still has a habit of thinking a race won once he gets to the front and, if not urged, has a tendency to loaf.

The financial discrepancy between the two champions is more easily explained. Last fall after winning the Garden State, Summer Tan was stricken with an intestinal embolism and nearly died. He spent the winter recuperating in Florida and didn't race until this

continued on next page

*brings you music
as the artist
meant it to sound...*



STROMBERG-CARLSON

3-Speed High Fidelity Phonograph

THE HI-FI CONSOLETT: (Model HFCM) Superbly matched audio components give this instrument thrillingly realistic performance.

Features include audio frequency response 50 to 15,000 cycles; extended range amplifier 7.5 watts distortion-free output, 8-inch Alnico 5

PM speaker, plus 12-inch bass reflex speaker; separate bass, treble and volume controls; fully automatic 3-speed changer with ceramic crystal pick-up. Pilot light and light for changer and record compartment.

Handsome mahogany veneer cabinet of compact design (28 1/4 inches high, 26 1/2 inches wide, 17 1/2 inches deep) **\$199.95***

(In blond mahogany veneer \$209.95*)

THE HI-FI SET:
(Model HFP) Many of the above features in a portable model, with durable two-tone pyralis finish, lacquer style case **\$99.95***

(Slightly higher in mahogany and bleached mahogany veneers)



*"There is nothing finer
than a
Stromberg-Carlson"*

**Prices slightly higher
South and West*

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK

MYERS RUMS

the Caribbean Twins



The old favorite and famous Myers's "Planters' Punch" Brand Jamaican Rum—and now the delightful and light Myers's Puerto Rican Rum. Both maintaining the long-established MYERS tradition of being smoothly mellow and mature.

Enjoy them on the rocks, or in your favorite cocktail, highball, punch or toddy.

For Free Recipe Booklet, write

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., 655 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. • U.S. Distributors

HORSES

continued from page 58

Jamaica meeting, where he made his first start as a 3-year-old and won by some 14 lengths. It was impressive even if there was nothing much behind him. For that matter there was nothing much behind Nashua in the Florida Derby, yet a very ordinary horse named Blue Lem gave him and Eddie Arcaro a few bad seconds in the stretch.

Both colts have the look of champions, although they are completely different types. Nashua is all massive power and strength. Summer Tan is all grace and elegance. And the similarities are as great as the differences. Both have foreign papas and American mothers; both were born under the sign of the Ram (if you pick horses astrologically)—Summer Tan on March 31 and Nashua on April 14. Both colts run without blinkers and both were born with silver spoons. Nashua is owned by William Woodward Jr., and Summer Tan eats his hay at Mrs. John W. Galbreath's barn. Both colts, too, have proved they can cope with an off track.

ARCARO AND GUERIN

Eddie Arcaro, who has piloted Nashua in all but two of his starts, has been suspended, so his mantle descends on Teddy Atkinson. With his hustling, punishing style he may get more out of the colt in the stretch.

Summer Tan will have Eric Guerin, who rode him in nine of his 12 starts, including the fabulous Garden State.

Although only six Wood Memorial winners have gone on to take the Kentucky Derby since the race was first run at Jamaica in 1925 (Assault in 1946 was the last), the Wood has always been regarded as New York's sneak preview of the Run for the Roses. This is particularly true this year. For it seems apparent that what happens at the Derby May 7 depends on what happens at Jamaica April 23.

Boston Duge kept his record straight and took the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, making it 10 in a row. He's been stabled for weeks at Laurel, and now at last the Andolino boys should give him his chance to go a distance in the Chesapeake this Saturday. The opposition is weak, with perhaps only Saratoga to beat.

California's Derby hopeful, Swaps, is headed for the Kentucky bluegrass. Keep in mind that the great Willie Shoemaker picked this horse to ride at Louisville. (END)

FOR ALL SPORTS CAR FANS! THE MODERN SPORTS CAR THE MODERN SPORTS CAR

By Tom McCabe • America's foremost expert in the field has written a book packed with information: what a sports car is; how to buy, drive and race one — and which car, if any, is for you. He gives every important fact about them, including price levels and availability of each make from the low cost MG to the Ferrari. He tells, for the first time in America, the full facts about the Mercedes M-125 and the engine-in-the-rear Auto Union cars. You'll enjoy this breezy, informative car talk session, whether you're "just looking," thinking of buying, or already breaking in your new baby. 64 pages of illustrations. \$3.95 at all bookstores.

OR MAIL COUPON BELOW

Prentice-Hall, Dept. T-36-55

Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

Send me a FREE trial copy of THE MODERN SPORTS CAR. In 9 days I will either

cancel \$3.95 plus postage, or return the book and owe nothing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(I have money! Enclose check or money order or we will pay postage.)

NEW AS ATOMIC POWER RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT



RECHARGES OVERNIGHT AT HOME

Now your flashlight troubles are over. The new rechargeable Gould Multi-Lite will last for years in normal use. The new principle nickel cadmium batteries take more than 200 charges in laboratory tests. Each charge equals the life of a dry cell.

Multi-Lite assures you of a powerful beam always, for it recharges overnight. Charger operates on 110 volts. A lead from charger plugs into flashlight base. Batteries are not removed. Charger handles several flashlights individually.

Two cell Multi-Lite in beautiful chrome case with charger and batteries—\$19.95. If your dealer doesn't have it, send check or money order for postpaid delivery.

A GIFT HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER
GOULD-NATIONAL BATTERIES, INC.
Multi-Lite Division Dept. 3 Depew, New York
BETTER BATTERIES SINCE 1898

KEEP IN THE PINK

Ry

TICK BITES

IN THE spring, a sportsman's fancy turns to thoughts of big bass and trout. For this is the time, when frozen streams clear and lakes first warm, that they are most likely to bite again. But so, unfortunately, is one of the most pesky of outdoor foes: the tick, an odd, determined creature who, after his wintertime fast, is out for blood.

WILY BUG



Of the more or less 5,000 harmful members of the insect world, few are so well equipped for the job as the *Ixodidae* (hard shelled) or *Argasidae* (soft shelled) tick, the two varieties which populate the U.S. A parasite supreme, they are wholly dependent on stolen blood from animals and man, and they carry a fearful variety of sometime-fatal diseases: Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Q fever, typhus, tularemia, tick paralysis, Colorado tick fever, to name only the most dangerous. Strictly speaking, the tick is not a true insect but more akin to the spider, equipped with eight legs instead of the standard six of insects. This extra pair of legs serves him well. He clings precariously atop a long blade of grass or shrub by two legs and gropes in hungry ambush with the other six. When an animal or man brushes by, he quickly grabs on (he does not drop or leap down on his victim as has been claimed), often roams for 12 hours before he finds a spot to jab his besklike mouth, armed with a brace of curved teeth, and sets to work.

BEST DEFENSE



The first line of defense whenever tramping through a field or woods is to wear high boots, a hat and a tightly buttoned collar. Repeated applications of tick-repellent should protect still-exposed skin. But keep a watchful, searching eye out for the tiny (1/8 inch long) blackish or reddish-brown invaders for they manage to slip under the tightest of clothing, and 99 times out of 100 you won't feel his bite. In tick-infested areas, particularly, inspect your clothing before dressing or undressing. Since ticks seldom attach to the skin at once and since they do not pass on possible infection in the first few hours, the quicker you can rid yourself of the pest the safer you are.

REMEDIES



The best way to remove a tick is to pluck it from the skin with tweezers, then wash the area with soap and water. You can use fingers if you pull gently so as not to squeeze any infected blood from the tick's bloated body (four to five times normal size) into the wound. Some people apply a burning cigarette, tobacco juice, alcohol, iodine, gasoline, kerosene or turpentine and while this will certainly kill the critter, the cure is liable to be more irritating than the bite. The most common misbelief concerning ticks is that they twist their heads into the skin, like a hit, hence one must "unscrew" the jaws to get them out. This is sheer superstition. A tick stabs the skin much as a mosquito, and by "unscrewing" you are sure to leave part of the mouth imbedded in the skin. It is true that ticks can carry serious disease, and if you develop a flu-like illness, blinding headaches around the eyes and a bounding fever four or five days after being bitten, waste no time in getting to a doctor. Otherwise don't fret. Less than one tick in 500 can do more than perhaps make you feel squeamish.

FRED BEAR WITH A '54 TROPHY



What a BUCK— and What a BOW!

Why don't YOU join the bowhunters this year? Get started now, with a famous Bear glass-powered Bow... See your dealer or write for free Catalog "E". For information-packed 34-page book, "Fun with Bow and Arrow", send 25c incl.

GET
THIS
BOOK



Bear
ARCHERY COMPANY
Grayling, Michigan

For Those Who Want The Finest

FLAVOR

The thing I like best is the combination of dramatic photography and to-the-point text. You need both to get the real flavor of a sporting event, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors seem to have the right formula for mixing them.

Albert DeCicco,
Ad. Mgr., A. H. Pond Co.

FUN... FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

NEW
JULY 3-15
See America's
Outboard Guide

Use matching fishing lure, water, and...
...fishing lure, water, and...
...fishing lure, water, and...

Trotter
Lancaster & Pines

FLIES AND LINES: THE BEST FOR TROUT

The author joins forces with three noted anglers to reveal their pet fly patterns for early fishing from East to West, and discusses some astonishing new developments in fly lines

by **TED TRUEBLOOD**

THE LOGIC OF FLY FISHING is not the logic of commerce. A fly fisherman does not seek the greatest return in terms of fish caught for his investment of time and effort. Rather, he finds more satisfaction in one trout taken on an artificial fly and the delicate tackle used to present it than from many creels by some coarser means.

Thus we find him using flies in early spring. If he relies on the flies of his region, he will probably be using some of the patterns shown on the following pages, early favorites for the East, Northeast, Inter-mountain West and Northwest. He almost certainly will employ one of the revolutionary lines which are discussed later on.

Traditionally the weather will be disagreeable, made endurable only by the opening day of the trout season. Whether the day is the second Saturday of April in New York or no less eagerly awaited June 4 in Idaho, it is still early spring. The water is dark, cold and uninviting, the sky overcast. There is no sign of insect life on the surface, but in the depths, in the midstream shelter of submerged boulders, in the eddies, there are trout, lethargic shadows whose body temperature is that of the frigid water about them. Their need for food is slight since their digestion proceeds slowly.

Yet the fly fisherman stands, hunched against the wind, and pulls line from his reel with numb fingers and fumbles it through his rod guides. Finally rigged and ready, he wades into the gloomy stream and makes his first trembling cast. He is fishing a wet fly, which sinks, rather than a dry fly, which is supposed to float, because he knows that whatever feeding the trout may do will be upon aquatic life far beneath the surface. He makes each cast hopefully. He carefully fishes out each drift, during which his fly sinks and is carried down and around by the current. Gradually he moves downstream, casting as he goes. He is attempting to drift his fly through every likely spot where a trout might lie, in the hope that one may be more hungry, or more active, than his fellows.

Like most fly fishermen, our angler has passed through a sort of evolution. First bait, then lures, then flies, and for several years he used all three. Gradually he found himself fishing less and less with bait; more with lures and flies, especially the latter. It was more fun. Finally, there came a time when he caught trout on flies or not at all.

Now, as he sits munching his cold lunch sandwich, he reflects. He has caught nothing. He probably won't catch

anything during the afternoon. He knows that he could take several good trout on worms or on a little Colorado spinner because he has done it hundreds of times before. Yet he doesn't particularly want to. It isn't that he considers himself a purist; he simply prefers to fish with flies.

Sometimes late in the afternoon he receives a jarring strike just as his line is straightening downstream. It surges, like a charge of electricity, up line, rod, arm and into his very soul. He is revitalized. He lands the trout, which is a good one, and resumes fishing with new spirit. Half an hour later, he catches another, and then he realizes that dusk is settling over the gloomy woods. He quits fishing sadly and begins the long walk back to the spot where he has left his car.

The fly upon which our angler finally caught his trout was not a standard pattern. It was a new creation made from bits of feather, silk and whamey, late of a winter evening. It may have been pure chance that two feeding trout happened to see this fly rather than one of the many others that he tried. Nevertheless, it merited another opportunity. Again, it was successful. He tied duplicates and gave them to his friends. They, too, caught trout. Thus was born yet another "local" pattern.

SPRING FLY SELECTIONS FROM FOUR EXPERTS

Of the four dozen early-season favorites shown in these pages, 12 were selected by Alfred W. Miller, well known in angling circles for many years as *Sparse Grey Hackle*. He has chosen the 12 flies that he prefers for brown trout in the East. Ted Jancek's dozen favorites are for brook trout in New England. Dave Costello has made his choice on the basis of fishing for rainbows in the Northwest. My own selection, made for the Rocky Mountain area centering at West Yellowstone, Mont., was made primarily for the native trout of that region, the cutthroat.

There are perhaps 1,500 so-called standard patterns of trout flies, not including nymphs, bucktails and streamers. In addition, there are untold thousands of purely local patterns, each used only in one small area or by one small group of anglers. Despite this, new flies are tied and tried every day of the open season.

Most of them are failures and are soon forgotten. Many are fished locally for a few years and gradually fade away. A few, such as the Adams, which was originated by Leonard

continued on page 61

MY FAVORITE SPRING BROWN TROUT FLIES FOR THE EAST

Alfredurville



GREENWELL'S GLOEY



STONE FLY NYMPH



DARK BLUE DUN



DICKIE



BLACK PRINCE



LEADWING COACHMAN



BEAVERKILL



CAMPBELL'S FANCY



CROTON CADDIS



MARCH BROWN NYMPH



MOOSE RIVER SUCKTAIL



CHRISTIAN HUMBLEPUPPY

**MY FAVORITE SPRING BROOK
TROUT FLIES FOR THE
NORTHEAST**

Red James



MARABOU STREAMER



GRAY GHOST

**MY FAVORITE SPRING
CUTTHROAT TROUT FLIES FOR
THE INTERMOUNTAIN WEST**

Ted Truelblood



GRAY SQUIRREL RED



MARABOU STREAMER

**MY FAVORITE SPRING
RAINBOW TROUT FLIES FOR
THE NORTHWEST**

David P. Costello



DORIES SPECIAL



SPRUCE FLY



EDSON DARK TIGER



LIGHT CAHILL



LEADING COACHMAN



PROFESSOR



FOWLER SPECIAL NYMPH



OUEL GORDON



ROYAL COACHMAN



GOLD-RIBBED HARE'S EAR



HENDRICKSON NYMPH



STONE FLY NYMPH



YELLOW B-FLY



STONE FLY NYMPH



BUCKTAIL ROYAL COACHMAN



TRUE WOOLLY WORM



SANDY PUSS



HICKEY FINN



RENEGADE



GRAY HACKLE YELLOW



SHRIMP



FLEDDERHOUSE



BLACK GNAT



ORANGE CADIX



BEETLE BUG COACHMAN



WOLSQUITO



PERIWINKLE LARVA



BUCKTAIL ROYAL COACHMAN



GOOFER BUG



BLUE UPRIGHT



ANT LARVA



RENEGADE

A finger parks it...

Master-Guide Power Steering adds infinitely to the ease of all your driving. It does as much as 75% of your steering work for you . . . makes

parking child's play. It helps you take curves, yet it leaves you with the natural feel of steering on straightaways.



A toe stops it...

Swift Sure Power Brakes are a wonderful aid in today's stop-and-go driving . . . they help you relax on trips. Power does

up to one-third of your stopping work. Teamed with Ford's suspended brake pedal, you get the ultimate in easy operation.



A touch lifts windows-moves the seat...

Ford's Power-Lift Windows let you open or close all four windows while driving. There are four convenient control buttons on the driver's door. Each passenger has push-button control of his own window, too!

Ford's PowerSeat adjusts up, down, forward or back . . . at the touch of a single control. It's a real convenience—especially when more than one in the family drives. And it's wonderfully relaxing on trips.



THE 1955 FORD THUNDERBIRD

You must Test Drive a Ford to fully appreciate its automatic features. That goes for new Speed-Trigger Fordomatic Drive, in particular. It now includes a new, extra get-away gear for lightning pick-up. And you must be in the driver's seat to feel Ford's

new Trigger-Toesque power . . . the agility in traffic, the response for passing on the open road. Visit your Ford Dealer soon! You'll thrill to Ford's new Thunderbird-inspired styling, and marvel at the smoothness of Ford's new Angle-Poised Ride!

Enjoy the thrill of Test Driving a **'55 FORD**

FLIES AND LINES

continued from page 56



Halladay, of Mayfield, Mich., in 1922, are immediately successful and eventually become standard. The majority of flies that we now call standard, however, are the result of evolution, rather than invention. The recorded history of fly fishing dates back for more than 17 centuries. There has been time to alter and improve.

Local or regional choices in flies result from several factors. The most important of these probably is the difference in trout foods in various waters. Another is the kind of fish found there. Brook trout show a marked preference for bright flies; browns prefer those that are more subdued. Gray is consistently good for both rainbows and cutthroats, but is not at all outstanding for brooks and browns.

Still another consideration is the different background of the anglers themselves. Those in the New York metropolitan area are traditionally conservative. The English influence, with its quill-wing dry flies and flat-wing wets, still is very strong on them. In the Northeast, the unsophisticated brook trout and the slashing landlocked salmon have encouraged anglers to become more flamboyant in their offerings. The West, lacking in long-established tradition, has fostered experimentation in all directions. Big flies, little flies, gaudy flies and dull ones, they're all the same to the Westerner so long as he thinks that they might fool a trout.

Most of the fly patterns shown on these pages obviously will catch at least an occasional trout everywhere. A few are universally good. Some are rather highly specialized. The choice of the four groups, however, made freely from the countless standard and

local patterns available, is a pretty good indication that they would all be a safe bet in the areas where they are used and on the fish for which they were selected.

Regardless of the fly used each of the nearly 20 million American anglers shares a common problem: he has to show his fly to the fish which, not being so stupid as is commonly supposed, wisely keep their distance. In order to cast with any kind of tackle, there must be weight. Spinning and hand-casting lures are heavy enough to sail out freely, pulling the line behind, once the angler starts them on their way. An artificial fly, however, is made of feathers, fur and silk around a tiny hook. It weighs practically nothing.

The only weight used in fly casting is in the line. Thus, in perfect keeping with the logic of angling, fly fishermen really don't cast a fly at all. They cast the line; the fly just goes along. If it were not for the weight incorporated in the line, fly casting would be impossible, and fly fishing, as we know it today, would not exist.

WHAT A FLY LINE SHOULD DO

In addition to their weight, fly lines should possess several other properties. If they are to be used for dry-fly fishing, they should float. If they are to be used for wet-fly fishing, they should sink. They must be smooth so they will slip freely through the guides on the rod. They must be supple. They should wear well and they should be strong. Also, they should be designed to straighten properly above the water at the conclusion of the cast. This permits the fly to fall gently, like a natural insect.

All of this adds up to quite a bill.

Some of the requirements of an ideal fly line are completely contradictory—the same line should hardly be expected to float as well as to sink, for example. Until the past few years, however, most anglers used one line for both wet- and dry-fly fishing. They rubbed grease on it to make it float and washed it off when they wanted it to sink. They had to, because their only choice was the oiled-silk line that came into use about 1885. It may not have been perfect for everything, but it approached the ideal so much more closely than any of the others that it replaced them entirely.

Nylon appeared on the market in 1939 and manufacturers immediately began making lines of it. But though it had some desirable qualities—it wouldn't rot, for example—its tendency to stretch beneath its inelastic finish caused fly lines to crack and fray and also to waterlog easily.

After World War II makers turned seriously to improving nylon lines and some quit silk entirely. For a time results were pretty horrible. Then, beginning two seasons ago, the lid blew off. More fresh ideas in line materials, designs and finishes came along than in the preceding 50 years.

The first big postwar splash in the tranquil waters of the fly fishing world was made by the Cortland Line Company with its "333 Non-Sinkable Fly Line." Taking advantage of the light weight of nylon and a tough synthetic finish that could be put on as a surface coating, Cortland introduced this floating line during the 1953 season.

While the "333" was the first dry-fly line to have national advertising and distribution and, consequently, the

continued on next page



CROSS-SECTIONED LINES are a double-taper (top), rarely cast beyond its midpoint on account of

its weight, and a weight-forward taper (its heavy part is forward) used for distance casting on big water.

FLIES AND LINES

continued from page 61

first to become familiar to anglers everywhere, it really was not a new idea. Robert C. Wilcox, of Flint, Mich., developed a hollow line about 1930. It had a specific gravity of .85 (the specific gravity of water is 1.0) and so it would float without grease or dressing.

Ed Cumings helped him develop a finish that would waterproof the line without, at the same time, filling the hollow core and making it too heavy. Cumings marketed the line for two or three years before the war, then returned it to Wilcox who produced it on a small scale and sold it direct to fishermen. Wilcox died in 1947. Jim Miller, of Santa Barbara, Calif., began making the line that year, under an agreement with Mrs. Wilcox, and called it the Miller Hollow Line. He had limited production and sold direct to anglers.

With the development of the post-war plastic finishes, it became possible to make the hollow line on a production basis with a tough elastic coating that didn't fill the core. The Western Fishing Line Company began manufacturing the Miller Hollow Line in 1953, braiding it of Nycron, a mixture of nylon and dacron, rather than the original silk.

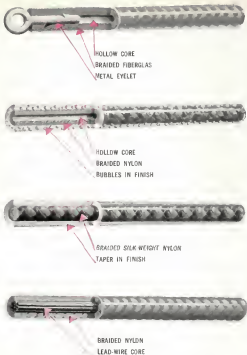
This year virtually every major line manufacturer has a floating line on the market. Most of them have a tough synthetic finish on a hollow-core nylon line. Some of them have minute bubbles in the coating to give them added floatability (see cutaway illustration). All of them are lighter than water and so will float without dressing.

Meanwhile, ever since the first nylon fly lines reached the market, anglers everywhere had experienced increasing difficulty in finding lines that would sink. A sinking line is just as necessary for fishing wet flies, bucktails, streamers and for steelhead and salmon fishing as a floating line is for dry flies.

THE FIRST DACRON LINE

Ashaway met the challenge in 1954 by introducing the first dacron fly line. It became an immediate success. This year most of the companies are making dacron fly lines.

The specific gravity of dacron is 1.38; of silk, 1.25; and of nylon, 1.14. Thus, assuming that the same amount of the same finish were used, a dacron line of equal diameter would be nearly as much heavier than silk as silk is heavier than nylon. It would sink



NEW LINE TYPES, shown greatly magnified, include (from top downward) two hollow-core floaters, a line with its taper built into the finish that will sink or float depending on whether it has been greased, and a lead-core line of small diameter intended to sink rapidly even when in a fast-moving river.

much faster and it would also cast better. (Since it is the weight in a fly line that makes it go, the heavier it is the better it will cast, provided diameter, taper and stiffness are the same.)

Simultaneously with the adaptation of new materials and the development of new finishes, some of the manufacturers turned their attention to improving the design of their lines. The weight incorporated in a fly line must be properly distributed for good casting. Design is equally as important as material or finish. This has led to specialization.

Sunset has gone farthest toward giving the various kinds of fly fishermen the highly specialized lines that

they need for different purposes. Like everybody else, Sunset makes a floating dry-fly line. They also make a sinking line of dacron and a mixed dacron-nylon line that has the same specific gravity as silk.

In addition, they have made the first lines specifically designed for West Coast steelhead and salmon fishing. These lines are called "shooting beads" and in order to understand their use, some explanation is in order.

Steelhead fly fishermen make longer casts than any others, including Atlantic salmon anglers. They helped develop the weight-forward lines (see diagram on page 61) and for a while used them almost exclusively because they

would cast farther than double tapers. Because of the high price and faulty design of many of these lines, however, the steelhead fishermen were also the first to quit them. Some spliced up their own from pieces of level line, but the majority began buying double-tapered silk lines and cutting from 30 to 35 feet, including the taper, off each end.

To one of these pieces of heavy tapered line, a steelhead fisherman would then splice 25 yards of small-diameter level fly line. Once he had false-cast until the heavy line was past the rod tip, he could release it and "shoot" to great distance. Thus he obtained two lines for little more than the price of one and he had, in addition, a line that was properly designed for long casts.

The next logical step was to look for something that would shoot more freely, and farther, than the light fly line behind the heavy "head." For a while, some fishermen used nylon squidding (surf casting) line because it was fine, smooth and very strong. Then, taking a lesson from the tournament distance casters, all of whom use monofilament nylon, they switched to it.

EASIER DISTANCE CASTING

They found that a heavy head attached to 100 feet of 15- to 20-pound-test monofilament nylon increased the distance they could cast by as much as 20%. It was inexpensive, trouble-free, long-lasting and enabled them to put more line on the reel, but more important, it cast better than any other line they had ever tried.

It quickly became standard. Soon 90% of the steelhead fly fishermen were using it. All of them, of course, had to make their own heads, either by cutting double-tapered silk lines or else splicing up lengths of level line. Nearly everybody attached the nylon to the head by tying it to a short loop of strong squidding line, spliced to the latter. This made it easy to change heads as fishing conditions indicated. Any number could be used alternately on one running line.

Sunset stepped into this picture a little more than a year ago by making the first shooting heads that were ready to use when they left the factory, even to the loop of squidding line spliced to the rear. Their first head looked like a conventional tapered fly line but had a core of extremely fine lead wires.

This lead-core line created a sensation. It was made to the same weight
continued on next page



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Dick Pratt

"Skinny" Lee had been a great sprinter when he was in college, but I'll bet he never covered the ground faster than the day I invited him out for a barbecue dinner. I had asked him to pick up a bottle of Old Smuggler at the house, and on the way back he got mixed up with a hornets' nest. Glancing over my shoulder as he dashed by and seeing only that the bottle was in jeopardy, I instinctively called out, "Careful, Skinny, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." I'm afraid Skinny came in third in that race. Two hornets out-distanced him. But the sting of defeat was promptly forgotten when he came in first on the Old Smuggler.

Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to read us interesting stories about Old Smuggler or tell how they discovered it. Your letter will entitle you to a handsome membership certificate in the ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean and inscribed with your name. Size, 14 x 17 inches. Send your letter to W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Dept. SP-7.



Careful, don't waste a drop . . .

that's **Old Smuggler**

SCOTCH
with a HISTORY

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



Score in Comfort with **KNAPP GOLF SHOES**



*Aerated
Cushioned*



STYLE 8-44
Charcoal Brown
A to E
8 to 12
\$12.75



Now — a fine Golf Shoe
with famous Knapp
Aerated Cushioned
Comfort. Moisture-
resistant Charcoal Brown Uppers and
Genuine Barbour "Spornwell" ...
Removable Tempered Steel Spikes
Full Leather Lined. Over 150 other
styles, for Sport, Dress and Service ...
for Men and Women ... all at low
Factory-Direct Prices.

WRITE FOR FREE STYLE FOLDER AND NAME OF
YOUR LOCAL KNAPP SHOE COMPANY
KNAPP BROS. SHOE MFG. CORP.
DEPT. 15-B BROCKTON, MASS.

a good mixer...
is always
welcome



DRY for Martini, Dry Martini
SWEET for regular Martinis
STRAIGHT OR ON THE ROCKS

TRIBUNO
Vermouth



"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK 31, N.Y. SOLE AGENTS U.S.A.

FLIES AND LINES

continued from page 63

per foot as an ordinary line but, because of much smaller diameter, sank far more rapidly. In fact, anglers soon discovered that it sank entirely too fast for normal steelhead fishing. It would go down to where the fish were in either very deep or very swift water, however, and thus it became possible to catch them on a fly where that never had been done before.

Suzet followed the lead-core head with one of dacron. It sank more quickly than a silk head, but not so quickly as the one with lead. A nylon-dacron head followed. It sank at the same rate as silk. With these three heads, a steel-head fisherman was prepared for any condition. The lead and dacron heads are also good for trout fishing in deep water.

There are many other innovations in lines. One of the most interesting is a system developed in Germany of making the taper by the thickness of the finish, rather than the diameter of the line inside. Scientific Anglers, of Midland, Mich., brought the idea to this country and improved upon it.

TAPERED-FINISH LINES

For several years this firm conducted research and experimental work for other line manufacturers, but this season they will have three lines on the market bearing their own "AirCel" brand. These are a floater, a sinker and a silk-weight nylon line for all-around fly fishing. All are made with the tapers in the finish. Two other firms, Gladding and Western, also are marketing lines with this kind of taper, as well as those of the conventional type.

Add it all up, there are now better lines for every purpose—long casts, short casts, dry-fly, bass-bug, wet-fly, steelhead and salmon fishing. We have fly lines of silk with good oil finishes—which many believe never have been improved upon. We have lines of nylon, of dacron, of nylon and dacron, and one that is braided of glass fibers by Rain-Benu. We have lines that are tapered in the braid and others that are tapered in the finish.

The outlook for fly fishermen is definitely much improved so far as lines are concerned. But, as in Walton's day, the problem of which fly to present to the trout is still a matter of personal debate for every angler. He may slick up his tackle and thereby improve his casting technique, but happily for the good of the sport a man still has to be a fisherman to catch trout. (END)

If you live in **Toledo**



don't miss **LA SALLE & KOCH**
Sport & Vacation Carnival

in cooperation with **SPORTS**

the week of April 25 to 30

mirage
ahead!

Salaam to the sahib who sets out on his summer safari in Marlboro's new "Suez" or "Pyramid" sport shirt. Soft and over madras, so cool, so comfortable, so sensible for Sahara, seashore, or side-walk! Dazzling choice of colors, all fully washable.

495

"SUEZ" Silk embroidered on pocket and sleeve.

"PYRAMID" Silk embroidered eyelet design on body and pocket.

from the
Marlboro
album of sportswear

Marlboro SHIRT COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE 1, MARYLAND

NEW YORK—Empire State Bldg. LOS ANGELES—4th Fl. • CHICAGO—Merchandise Mart

BOWLING

DUCKS, ETC.

Small-pins had an All-Star, too

by VICTOR KALMAN

DURING the next week or two most duckpin leagues will end their schedules, and the National Duck Pin Bowling Congress will draw up new country-wide rankings on a basis of season averages, as it has done for 27 years. But whoever is ranked No. 1 might well be overshadowed by Frank Micalizzi, the 5-foot 4-inch government engineer from Silver Spring, Md. who won the first All-Star duckpin match game championship last month. The 40-game All-Star, sponsored by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America and the NDBPC, is the sternest duckpin championship test—certainly more exacting than the current 9-game national championship at Pawtucket—and its future winners probably will be recognized as U.S. titleholders. And this may be as good a time as any to answer some of the interested, instructive and irate readers who flooded the 19TH HOLE with letters, following a column on small-pins (SI, Feb. 28) in which I mentioned that 134 was the highest season average ever attained by a duckpin bowler.

NEARLY TWO MILLION

There are an estimated 8 million organized bowlers in the U.S.—that is to say, members of leagues and clubs with regular schedules, whether or not affiliated with a bowling association. More than 6 million bowl big-pins under American Bowling Congress rules stipulating the use of 15-inch pins (4 49 64 inches at their widest point) and balls weighing up to 16 pounds. The remaining 1.7 million or so are small-ball enthusiasts who roll various games.

By far the largest group of small-ball bowlers, some 1,250,000, follow the regulations of the NDBPC and roll against pins 9 13/32 inches tall (4 1/4 inches at their widest point) with balls of a maximum 5-inch diameter and weighing 3 pounds 12 ounces. Since the pins, as in the big-pin game, are set up in a 36-inch triangle—on alleys of virtually the same dimensions—it is naturally harder to knock them down, and scores are lower even though three balls



FRANK MICALIZZI

are permitted in a frame instead of two. BPAA Tournament Director Sylvester Sobanski, in applying the Petersen point system to the All-Star, figured that 30 pins in ducks was equal to 50 in big-pins. On this basis Micalizzi, who averaged 129-18 for the 24-game finals, scored the equivalent of 215 plus in the big-pin game.

To give you an idea of where duckpin bowlers chiefly congregate in the U.S., the 32 All-Star qualifiers included eight from each of Connecticut and Washington, D.C., four from Rhode Island, western Pennsylvania and Georgia and two from North Carolina and Virginia. Another hotbed of the sport, Maryland, was not represented because the Baltimore proprietors withdrew from the national association.

Affiliated with the duckpin organization is the American Rubberband Duckpin Bowling Congress, which has about 50,000 devotees in Pennsylvania and perhaps as many in Montreal. These bowlers use the same size ball and same height pins, but the pins have a five-eighths-inch thick strip of rubber around the belly, giving them more "scramble" than ordinary ducks. Only two balls are rolled in a frame, yet averages in the 170s are fairly common. Whereas 239 was the highest score ever recorded in ducks, 12 perfect 300s have been registered in rubber duckpin leagues.

Of the four rubber duckpin bowlers who qualified for the All-Star, only one—William Schaffalo, 47, a steelworker of Alliquippa, Pa.—managed to reach the final eight, and he provided little threat to the leaders. It was interesting to note, however, that Schaffalo rolled with the approximate speed and motion of a big-pin star and was more accurate than the others on one- and two-pin spares.

continued on next page

Golfers

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY !



**WEAR
DUNLOP
MAXDRI
ALL WEATHER
GOLF SHOES**

Don't let rain, dew, or dampness put a damper on your golf. Dunlop Maxdri All-weather Golf Shoes are absolutely waterproof. Moulded rubber uppers. Long-wearing composition soles. Ground-gripping spikes. Available in brown and white combination, women's sizes 5 to 8, men's sizes 7 to 13. At your Pro Shop, the better Sports Shops and Department Stores—\$10.95.

**SPORTING GOODS DIVISION
DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION
500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36**

Where else can you
buy so much fun —
for so many years —
for so little money?



Here's a lifetime of fun. You sleep and wash aboard, please over the water at 20 mph. The 21-ft CRUISE MASTER has air-conditioned cabin and two bunks, amenities for hand and galley — truly a small

craft — yet, it costs only \$1,995! Made of aluminum with built-in Stereomax flotation, it's maintenance-free, virtually unbreakable. See color pictures and details in our new catalog.

Cruise New Waters Every Day



Smooth-riding, sturdy **ROAD MASTER** trailer takes you on water wherever you can go. In new waters each week-end or in a vacation on any lake in the country. **\$295.**

Write today for free catalog and the name of your local dealer.
Lone Star Boat Manufacturing Company
Box 747-4 Grand Prairie, Texas
Aluminum & Fiberglass Boats • Inboard and Outboard Engines • Trailers

KLEETS

NOW

they're
NEW

\$695

Men's & Women's

Reinforced through heel with Nylon in faded blue and navy denim — while KLEETS still available in sturdy 14-oz. yacht duck.

At Better Dealers Everywhere

or write **Cambridge Rubber Co., KLEETS DIVISION,** Cambridge, Mass.

SHOOTERS!

C-H RELOADING EQUIPMENT

For SAFETY,
Accuracy and
Real Economy
Demand...

None's on an exciting new, practical sport. With C-H Reloading Equipment you can reload fired cartridge cases time after time and always at sets of built-in accuracy. It's easy. It's fast. It's safe. For example, one of 26 30-06 shells including lead, tin and brass, approximately 26¢ per shell, yet you can reload them for as little as 2¢ a shell, or a saving of 10¢. All C-H Reloading Equipment is made in the U.S.A. and is made in the U.S.A. See your dealer or for further information, write 1989.

C-H DIE CO., 1800 N. POTRERO
St. Monte 37, Calif.
World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturer of Reloading Equipment

Let us send this issue to
two of your
sports-minded friends

So many people have told us they liked to share **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** with their friends that we'd be happy to help in the sharing. We'll send a copy of this issue free, with your compliments, to any two friends whose names you give us below.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. FS, 549 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send a copy of this issue, without charge, to:

Name _____	Name _____
Please print _____	Please print _____
Address _____	Address _____
City _____ State _____	City _____ State _____

Your name _____
Please print _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

4-25

BOWLING

continued from page 67

Not as large a group as the duckpinners, but larger than the rubber ducks clan, are the candlepin bowlers who compete under the aegis of the Massachusetts Bowling Association. Since candlepins (the same height as big-pins, but narrower) will be the subject of a future column, it will suffice to say now that New England from Boston north is solid candlepin territory, that candlepins is also a three-ball-a-frame game and that scoring is tougher even than in duckpins.

All of these games have one thing in common: they present a challenge to the competitive courage, skill and luck of the bowler. In the All-Star, for instance, slight, dark Micalizzi, who had led the field from the second of the 24-game finals, went into the last three-game block with what appeared to be a comfortable margin over Robert Lockhart of Arlington. In the first game of the block, however, Lockhart rolled a sparkling 161 to take a fingertip hold on first place. Many might have folded in such a situation, but Micalizzi, national doubles champion in 1948 and a member of the 1950 championship team, came back with 128-96 and 124-113 victories for the title. Lockhart dropped to third behind Richard Alkas of Bristol, Conn., who put on a terrific finish only to fall 1-3 Petersen points (or 33 pins) short of triumph. Alkas had the highest pinfall — 3,171 to Micalizzi's 3,114 — but, like Don Carter in the All-Star, could not get them when he needed them most — to win close games. **END**

SPORTS COURT



If a horse bucks when you mount it, after its owner has assured you that it wouldn't hurt a fly, whose fault is it if you are thrown off?

Your fault for believing the owner, said the Georgia Court of Appeals.

YANK GETS STARTED

It's a long way through the farms from sandlot to stadium, but Travis Rayborn is on the way

by DUANE DECKER

THE MOMENT a sandlotter whistles his first line drive over the infield and into the magical gulch of clean base hits, he dreams secret dreams. He sees himself doing the same thing later in places like Yankee Stadium, N.Y., N.Y. It's a sweet dream, and many get the call—but few get to the stadium. Sometimes, though, it really does happen.

As the minor leagues start their season, an 18-year-old catcher—Travis Rayborn from Mississippi—will begin to work his way there, in the slow, farm-system fashion. The octopuslike scouting staff of the Yanks dug him out of Lumberton; he's their property now, and he's listed as a catcher for Monroe, Cotton States League, Class C. (Two of his teammates will be Mickey Mantle's young twin brothers, Ray and Roy.) The step up from sandlotter to pro is a pretty big one, but Travis isn't awed. He's on a nice even keel about it; he doesn't overestimate himself but he doesn't underestimate, either.

"I hustle hard on a field," he says, very unblinkingly, "and I always had a strong arm. But I'm kind of slow—run 100 in 11 and a half. Don't think I'll ever be a real long ball hitter, but I do bust one now and then. That high inside pitch gives me a lot of trouble."

THERE WERE GOOD REASONS

To hear Travis talk about himself you'd almost wonder what made the Yanks hunt him out. But there were good reasons for it.

He started to play ball in grammar school at Baxterville, 10 miles from Lumberton. It was a country school of no more than 100 students, and it didn't even have a coach. Turning out a team was a case of every man for himself. However, everyone wanted Travis to pitch, which he did.

"At that time," he says, "I didn't even know there was such a thing as pro ball. I didn't find out about it until I got up to seventh grade and heard a program called *Game of the Day* on Mutual."

Being so completely ignorant of the existence of the Joe DiMaggios and the Stan Musials, Travis couldn't

imitate anyone. He had to be just plain Travis. And, according to a famous ex-Cotton States first baseman named Cotton Tatum who now runs a gas station in Lumberton, Travis has remained exactly that. A quality, no doubt, that the Yanks liked in him.

In high school he had a coach, Jack Waters. It was his coach who first told him he was a catcher. Then he started to play American Legion junior ball, too. He still pitched sometimes, but mostly he caught. He got voted the Most Outstanding Player in Mississippi Legion ball in both '53 and '54. No wonder—consider what happened when his club, the Barrons, took the state title in four straight in '53.

Travis caught the first game, pitched the second, caught the third and then pitched the clincher. He hit .578 for the series (let Dusty Rhodes top that) and got the Barrons off to a nice start in the opener against Meridian. He came to bat in the last of the ninth with the Barrons losing 8-6 but two men on base.

Suddenly a curve ball loomed up. And Travis likes a curve ball almost as much as a steak.

He's a righty all the way. He was holding the bat at the very end the way he always does except when the pitcher is a real swift. He blasted it.

"I thought when I lit out," he says, "that it was too much on a line to clear the fence. But, about 15 feet from the foul line where it says 320, it went out of sight and we won, 9-8."

None of these heroics were witnessed by the Yankee scout who finally discovered Travis. The scout was Atley Donald, former Yankee pitching star. He dropped in on a Lumberton High game one day when Travis was out in right field because Lumberton had three catchers and a shortage of outfielders. Donald came back to the next Lumberton game and, lo and behold, Travis was filling in at shortstop. This was the day Donald nailed him outside the locker room, although Travis had made only one hit, a double, in four at-bats.

He invited Travis to come to a Yankee Hattiesburg tryout camp to be



CATCHER RAYBORN started as pitcher, was spotted by a Yankee scout while playing shortstop, refused first pro offer.

looked over. "I think you're a catcher," Donald said, "although I've never yet seen you catch."

In due time Donald offered Travis a contract. Travis turned it down cold because in it it said he had to report to a Class D team. He didn't figure he was ready for the Stadium, but he figured he was ready for more than D.

He got what he was after. A little later Donald came back to Hattiesburg and had another talk with Travis. Result: a \$2,000 bonus plus \$250 per month in Class C.

The big moment is almost here—when Travis, along with hundreds of others, becomes a pro. Maybe the trail leads to the Stadium, maybe it doesn't. He knows, as Atley Donald told him, that he's got an awful lot to learn. But he's also got an awful lot of quiet confidence in himself as a ballplayer.

One bit of baseball philosophy that Travis got from his first coach he intends to carry along with him into the Cotton States League. When he asked the coach whether he should try to outguess a pitcher, the reply was: "Travis, always look for a curve and expect a fast ball."

That strategy has stuck with Travis Rayborn of Lumberton, Miss. Remember that name—you might hear it again, one of these days. (END)

YESTERDAY

THE GREAT FEATHER FIGHT

The fur flew when conservationists and women's clubs set
out at the turn of the century to stop the plume hunters

by **JOHN O'REILLY**

DOWN ON Cape Sable, the southernmost tip of the Florida peninsula, a small stone marks a lonely grave. On the stone is the following inscription:

Guy M. Bradley

1870-1905

Faithful Unto Death

As Game Warden of Monroe County
He Gave His Life For The Cause To
Which He Was Pledged.

Bradley, a warden hired by the National Association of Audubon Societies to protect wild birds, was shot and killed by plume hunters on July 8, 1905. The finding of his body two days

later spurred one of the bitterest battles ever waged in this country for the protection of wildlife. It was a vehement battle and one in which women were deeply involved. It was known as "the feather fight."

At the beginning of this century women's hats were something to behold. Feathers were the rage and it appeared that the more bird plumes there were on a woman's hat the more beautiful she was supposed to be. Sometimes hats even supported an entire stuffed bird, as delineated in that old song, *The Bird on Nellie's Hat*. Of all these fine feathers the most treasured



STARTLED LOOK OF EGRET, FASHIONABLE

were the plumes of the egret, known in the millinery trade as "aigrettes." On the American egret and the snowy egret, they were the nuptial plumage (at their prime in the nesting season) and gave the birds an airy beauty. When standing erect on hats they gave women a look of chronic astonishment.

The feather trade had grown to such proportions that egrets in Florida had been shot to near extinction by commercial plume hunters.

One reason for the swift decline of the birds was that, since the plumes were at their best when the birds were nesting, the hunters shot the adult birds and left the young to die in the nest. The Florida legislature had passed laws protecting the birds but there had been no funds upcoming to enforce them.

A group of Audubon societies banded together and supplied money to hire wardens. Bradley was one of them. His death brought action on a large and vociferous scale. Many persons went to the aid of the newly formed National Association of Audubon Societies, later changed to National Audubon Society. The fight was carried to New York, center of the wholesale millinery trade. The bird people were up



PROUD ENFORCEMENT AGENTS pose before a big haul of bird "scalps." The old birds were killed at nesting time and the young left to die. These were seized in Miami.



AT THIS CENTURY'S BIRTH, IS AFFECTED BY MODEL FLORENCE MILLER (LEFT) AND STAGE STAR LILLIAN RUSSELL AS "LADY TEAZLE."

against a \$17,000,000 industry fighting for its life.

Both sides hired lawyers and lobbyists. More and more women tore the feathers off their hats, vowing never to wear them again. On July 18, 1906 President Theodore Roosevelt wrote an open letter throwing his weight behind the movement.

"If anything," he added, "Mrs. Roosevelt feels even more strongly than I do in this matter."

The egret plume was dubbed "the white badge of cruelty."

William T. Dutcher, first president of the National Audubon Society, led the fight to make the possession for sale, offering for sale or sale of protected wild bird plumage illegal in New York State. Hearings in Albany were long and loud. Lawyers for the milliners contended that the plumes were picked up off the ground. The bird backers insisted the feathers were torn from the backs of the birds and produced "scalps" to prove it.

Oratory was rampant. Mrs. May Riley Smith, speaking out before the annual convention of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs in 1907, said that by wearing feathers women were losing the tenderness

and virtue which had caused them to be held so high in the eyes of men.

In closing she said, "Have you never said 'Thank you' to a vesper sparrow singing his pensive little evensong on a fence, or to a hermit thrush in some forest cathedral when his heavenly note brought your soul to its knees and the angel in you leaned out to adore? It is for the love of women that I speak."

In later years an Audubon leader attributed victory in large part to the women's clubs. He said that after they were called in, "the contest that ensued was a regular Verdun up to the very day the final vote was cast in the senate."

The feather merchants were defeated. The bill was passed in 1910 and signed by Governor Charles Evans Hughes. Other states passed similar laws. Illegal plume hunting persisted in Florida and the plumes were shipped abroad. Law enforcement agents harried the plume hunters, seizing large batches of bird skins with the plumes attached. Finally a federal law was passed and the feather fight subsided. There were fitful revivals of hostilities. As late as the early 1950s steps had to be taken to close loopholes in the

laws. However, the victory was won.

Down in the Everglades the remnants of the egrets nested under guard. Steadily they multiplied and the great bird populations of Florida were built up again. Now the egrets wander up to New England in summer.

This year the National Audubon Society is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary and its members, wearing no feathers on their hats, are recalling the grave of Guy Bradley on windswept Cape Sable.

END



GUY M. BRADLEY, the warden whose death spurred the fight to save the birds.

KIEKHAEPER

MERCURY

OUTBOARDS

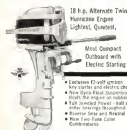


The traditionally quiet operation of Mercurys, as compared with ordinary outboards, is due to such engineering "firsts" as internal valve design and sound muffling one piece drive shaft housings.

New Kiekhaefer engineers have blanketed the entire powerhead with a new scientific sound absorber. And the result is complete engine silencing—not just intake and exhaust silencing... with no loss of performance! And they've eliminated engine vibration from the boat with new Dyna-Float Suspension.

Go Quality—Buy Mercury!

MARK 25E



18 h.p. Alternate Twin Hurricane Engines Lightest, Quietest.

Most Compact Outboard with Electric Starting!

- Exclusive V-2 valve ignition key starts and electric choke
- New Dyna-Float Suspension blankets the engine in isolation
- Full Swivel Power—ball and roller bearings throughout
- Reverse Gear and Neutral
- New Two-Point Control Combination

Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog! Kiekhaefer Corporation • Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin
Features of Mercury models are protected by patent or pending patents. ©1985

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO. ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

April 22 through May 1

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

Baseball

- New York vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Willie Pazirano vs. Walter Tey, middleweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (NBC)
- All-Service championship finals, Oakland, Calif.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

Auto Racing

- AAA sprint car racing, Hatfield, Pa.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. New York, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. E.S.T. (CBS-TV, Mutual radio*)

Boxing

- Four of Spain, 1,600-m. race begins.

Horse Racing

- Wood Memorial, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC)
- Golden Gate Mile, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds up, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.

Hunt Racing

- Grand Natl. Point to Point, Butler, Md.

Indoor Polo

- NYAC vs. Squadron A, nat'l. tournament, Squadron A Armory, N.Y.

Boxing

- Chiefs Cup Regatta (Columbia, Penn. Princeton), Philadelphia

Boxing

- New England spring intercollegiate college regatta, Boston, Mass.

Track & Field

- Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kan.
- Ohio State Relays, Columbus, Ohio.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 50-m. race, Langhorne, Pa.
- AAA sprint car racing, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- AAA 100-lap midgut race, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- SCCA nat'l. race, Pebble Beach, Calif.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. New York, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Golf

- Virginia Beach Open final, Virginia Beach, Va.

Motorboating

- Outboard marathon regatta, Virginia Beach, Va.

Skating

- Silver Bell Invitational Trophy Race, Garden City, Calif.

Tennis

- River Oaks Invitational final, Houston, Tex.

MONDAY, APRIL 25

Boxing

- Rocky Castellani vs. Chico Verona, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Da Mont)
- Rudy Garcia vs. Lulu Penter, lightweights, Eastern Parkway—Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*)

Court Tennis

- Albert (Jack) Johnson, U.S. vs. James Dear, England, for world open title, Queens Club, London (also April 27 & 30)

Golf

- North & South Men's Amateur, Pinehurst, N.C.

Horse Racing

- Telegar Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk. (Widener course), N.Y.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26

Baseball

- Chicago White Sox vs. New York Yankees, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2:35 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Alex Buxton vs. Randy Turpin, for British light heavyweight title, London (15 rds.)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

Auto Racing

- AAA 100-lap midgut race, Tulsa, Okla.

Baseball

- New York vs. Milwaukee, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Lizard Charles vs. Johnny Holson, heavyweights, Miami Beach (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

- Two Thousand Guineas, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Newmarket, England.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Oscar Andrade vs. Laura Salas, lightweights, Los Angeles (10 rds.)

Golf

- Tournament of Champions, Las Vegas
- Betty Rawls Peach Blossom Open, Spartanburg, S.C.

Horse Racing

- Blue Grass Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Keosauqua, Lexington, Ky.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Boston, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Choo Vesar vs. Paolo Meis, welterweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Gymnastics

- AAU sr. men's and women's championships, Rochester, N.Y.

Track & Field

- Penn Relays, Philadelphia (also April 30)
- Drake Relays, Des Moines, Iowa (also April 30)

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Auto Racing

- Mile High, Brescia, Italy
- NASCAR 200-m. race, modified & sportsman, Darlington, S.C.
- AAA midgut races, Westboro, Mass. & Kansas City, Kan.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Baltimore, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
- Brooklyn vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Racing

- Golden Gate Derby, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
- Valley Forge Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m. 70 yds., 3-yr. olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Swift Stakes, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)

Hunt Racing

- Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md.

Boxing

- Goss Cup Regatta (Navy, Cornell, Syracuse), Annapolis, Md.
- Blackwell Cup Regatta (Columbia, Penn. Yale), New York
- Compton Cup Regatta (Harvard, Princeton, MIT, Wisconsin), Cambridge, Mass.

Boxing

- YRA winter dinghy championship, Larchmont, N.Y.

Track & Field

- Colorado Relays, Boulder, Colo.

SUNDAY, MAY 1

Auto Racing

- AAA sprint car races, Salem, Ind. & Langhorne, Pa.
- AAA stock car race, Knoxville, Tenn.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Track

- AAU 50-mile walk, Baltimore.

*See local listings

ALWAYS READY WITH A DIVE

Sirs:

Congratulations on the wrestling spread (SL, April 11). As one who knows this entertainment like the back of his hand I learned long ago the futility of disillusioning the wrestling fan. If you tell him the truth he either thinks you are not quite bright, or are just plain spiteful.

I still enjoy the tin ears, if for no other reason than to see what they'll think up next. They are marvelous athletes. They train very casually, if at all, work hard and often are always ready to dive out on the concrete on their heads. Those cauliflower ears are real. I like to hear a fan say, "Yes, I know most of them are faked but I saw one Monday night I KNOW was on the level!" He saw to such thing, of course. What he saw was two good performers, the kind who could take a sack of meal into the ring and put on a convincing show.

Some while ago a gimmick in Dallas was really something. The gimmick was a two-by-four left "thoughtlessly" by a carpenter on the apron of the ring. At the height of the festivities the villain was to hop through the ropes, pick up the two-by-four, and break it over his rival's head. The weapon was to have been almost saved in two. Everything went according to schedule except that the board didn't break as expected. "Guess he didn't saw it quite far enough," said the villain, striking a harder blow. Well, he had the poor guy's scalp open, with blood streaming down his face, before he discovered the carpenter had forgotten to saw it at all.

To wrestling's credit: I never heard of a dime being bet on it.

Keep going with SL.

G. V. BURKE

Mason, Texas

THEY'RE ON THE UP-AND-UP

Sirs:

I very much enjoyed your pictures about professional wrestling, but it seems to me that the words made it sound like the matches are faked. This is an impression which many of my friends who have seen it only on TV also have. I attend all the matches held here in Harrisburg and for that reason can say that most of them are on the up-and-up. You can't tell me that such holds as the full nelson, drop kick and fore arm blows don't hurt. Of course some of those wrestlers deserve to be hurt since so many of the referees are blind just as you said; maybe you could kick up an investigation on some parts of wrestling just like you did in boxing.

BILL BARBER

Harrisburg, Pa.

I AM SATISFIED

Sirs:

After reading front to back the April 11 COLOR SPECTACLE on professional wrestling, I will finally keep my big mouth shut . . . for at long last I am satisfied and SL can now go on its merry sport-go-round.

Truly I enjoyed the April 11 issue more than words can convey: to sum the whole

thing up in a very few well-contested words—I'm like the old dog who after a good hunt and a well-filled stomach, just wants to go lay down somewhere and snooze.

Best wishes always and anxiously awaiting future issues.

ERNEST E. VONKLECK

Atlanta, Ga.

VILLAINS

Sirs:

. . . I must admit that those lovable villains were far more entertaining in SL than they could ever hope to be on TV.

FRANK WALLIS

Ridley Park, Pa.

ONWARD!

Sirs:

You have had your fun and have done your duty with your article on wrestling. Now let's get back to SPORTS and leave the grunts and groan boys and their antics to the entertainment media.

H. C. EVANS

Warsaw, Ind.

RI FOR TRICK KNEES

Sirs:

In regard to your very excellent article, *Trick Knees* by William H. White (SL, April 11): I was wondering if perhaps Mr. White had a schedule of exercises, such as lifting the weights by the foot and others? I'm very interested in this problem as a chronic trick-kneer and physical education

major at Brockport State Teachers College (home of New York State's best soccer team).

I would appreciate any information you can give me on some prescribed exercises.

ART HOSACK

Rochester, N.Y.

● Check your doctor first. If he agrees you have a trick knee try these exercises: Lying on your back, tighten the muscles on the front of your thigh. After a few seconds of steady tension, slowly raise your leg about 6 inches off the floor and lower slowly. Build up slowly to where you can do this 20 times several times a day. Also try running in place, alternating with full knee bends. Another suggestion: stand with your back to a heavy bed or table whose top is about 2 feet from the ground. Try lifting the object with the heel of the affected leg, keeping your trunk and head straight.—ED.

THOSE SMART CROWS

Sirs:

Last week's EVENTS & DISCOVERIES story on crow catching was interesting, but—was it my imagination?—it seemed that the writer was not convinced those crows were as smart as he'd been told they were. Which is why I want to write this note.

I was alone late one afternoon, on a golf

continued on next page



course where there are extensive woods around the western section. The clubhouse is a mile away, in the northeast corner of the course.

The constant cawing of a hundred large crows was the only sound in an otherwise windless, deserted countryside. A lone gopher disturbed them not a bit, and a few were likely to gather close to inspect my progress. Suddenly one cawing sounded above the rest, and conversation ceased. Almost silently they took off, certainly leisurely, to the west, through the woods, out to a corn field farther west.

Not being a crow student, I paid no attention. About two minutes later a Cadillac drove up. Out stepped a hopeful man with a shotgun.

K. L. DUGAN

Chicago

STRIKE OR SPLIT?

Sir:

The results of my perfect delivery before some 60 amazed bowlers in a recent league bowling match were as follows:

- 1) A strike on the spare shot.
- 2) A split ball.

HERB POLL

Ridgewood, L.I.



MR. POLL AND SPLIT BALL

3865

Sir:

... Up until now I have not found anything in particularly bad taste in SI, but by golly, when you print a picture on the cover (SI, April 11) in full color, of a white woman embracing a negro (with a small letter) man, you make it evident that even in a magazine supposedly devoted to healthful and innocent sports you have to engage in South-baiting. ...

I care nothing about those three people as individuals, but I care a heck of a lot about the proof the picture gives that SI is part of the giant plan to flaunt all decency, so long as the conquered of 1863 can be reminded of their eternal defeat. This is the kind of sporting instinct SI has!

F. M. ODUM

Shreveport, La.

LET ME SAY, SIR

Sir:

... To tell you that I was shocked at SI's cover would be putting it mildly. ... The informative note inside the magazine tells me that this is Mrs. Leo Durocher, a white woman, with her arm affectionately around the neck of Willie Mays, a Negro ballplayer. ...

Let me say to you, Sir, the most appalling blow ever struck at this country, the most disastrous thing that ever happened

to the people of America, was the recent decision of the Supreme Court declaring segregation unconstitutional. ...

EDWARD F. WEBB

Nashville, Tenn.

INSULT

Sir:

Please cancel my subscription to SI immediately. ... This is an insult to every decent white woman everywhere. ...

T. B. KESLO

Fort Worth, Texas

INTEGRITY

Sir:

... Such disgusting racial propaganda is not fit for people who are trying to build a stronger nation based on racial integrity.

A. C. DUNN

New Orleans

BEST

Sir:

In regard to your April 11 cover, it is the best yet.

ALBERT L. TABORN

Cleveland

SO I SENT HIM A TELEGRAM

Sir:

On March 5 I sent the following telegram, quote: HON. GOODMAN J. KNIGHT, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU SIR FROM A NON-PROFESSIONAL SPORTSMAN SPORTS FAN ON YOUR ANNOUNCEMENT TO INVESTIGATE GANGSTERISM IN BOXING SI HAS STATED THAT CARLO OWNS PART OF MARCIANO. THIS MONTH'S BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE STATES THE SAME. GEORGE BARTON, SPORTS EDITOR MINNEAPOLIS WRITES QUOTE—IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT CALIFORNIA DOES ABOUT THE MARCIANO-COCKELL FIGHT. UNQUOTE. ANOTHER SPORTS EDITOR STATED IT SHOULD BE HELD ON A RANGE IN MID PACIFIC. I READ IN CHICAGO WHERE THEY DIDN'T WANT THE FIGHT, LAS VEGAS TURNED IT DOWN AND THE NEW BOXING COMMISSION OF NEW YORK SHARED THEM OUT. WILL YOU AND YOUR COMMISSION ASK MR. WEILL TO CLEAR HIMSELF OF HIS TWENTY YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WITH CARLO BEFORE CALIFORNIA SANCTIONS A MARCIANO-COCKELL FIGHT. YOUR GREAT STATE CAN MAKE THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE SPORT OF BOXING IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS BY DOING SO.

Keep up the good work of bringing such items as *Rough Justice* to the attention of your readers for I am sure that one day they will have proper effect in the right place at the right time.

ROBERT A. REESE

Toledo, Ohio

GET DOWN AND GO SOMETHING

Sir:

Every once in a while you come across a piece of writing that seems to dug you over the head and stir you into action. You've got to sit right down and do something about it. ...

It isn't only the writing that gets you — but the soundness and desperate need of the idea which the author presents.

This is the way I felt recently when I read the SI article by my old friend Budd Schulberg—in which he makes a plea for the creation of a much-needed home or hospital to take care of the ill, destitute

and unfortunate ex-gladiators of the ring (SI, Feb. 28).

True, the sports world is loaded with moneys and pathetic stories, but speaking as an oldtime fighting guy, in my opinion there is no sadder nor more pathetic picture than the unfortunate and broken-down has-been who is mentally, physically and financially unable to take care of himself. ...

The fight game is one of the few sports that has failed to establish—on a national basis—an actual channel through which its former and needy performers can seek aid.

Schulberg's idea for a hospital or destitute ring vet's home is not new, of course. Others have pointed out the need in the past. But Budd's idea—as far as I know—of setting aside one day a year in which the funds of all boxing shows, nationally, would go toward this end, is imaginative and inspiring.

Because of Schulberg's great suggestion and plea, I have tried to do my little bit to help the cause along. I have contacted Norman Lockwood, head of the California branch of the International Boxing Managers Guild and suggested that Lockwood contact his organization's heads and propose that a fraction of 1% of the purse earned by each fighter piloted by IBG managers should be turned over to a nationally known businessman (perhaps appointed by President Eisenhower), to hold and build into a fund from which a sorely needed ring vet's home and hospital could be created.

This is only a starting point and much, much more needs to be done, I know. Nevertheless, with an ambitious start and the right kind of pushing by the fight game and its followers, I know Budd Schulberg's dream and suggestion can easily become an actuality. ...

FIDEL LA BARBA

Santa Monica, Calif.



LA BARBA AND EX-BOSS

● Fidel La Barba is the only world champion fighter who ever retired to go to college. La Barba, then 18 years old, won the 1924 Olympic Flyweight championship, then turned pro and outpointed Frankie Genaro to become world champion. In 1927 he entered Leland Stanford, later was hired by Darryl Zanuck as junior writer and sparring partner (see cut).—ED.

PERSONAL REACTION

Sirs:

The April 11 issue of *SI* is to my way of thinking the best issue thus far. Perhaps it is a personal reaction, but you seem to have (at least for me) hit on a photographic and makeup format that is most interesting.

I guess I particularly liked the candid camera work because it made me feel that I was actually on the scene in the Seminole Golf Club locker room at the Amateur-Professional Tournament. The shots of the handball player's wife watching him lose personalized the story of the Los Angeles handball championship contest and I really was enchanted with your text and photographs of *Max Allow*.

MERVIN Houser

Los Angeles

HOUSTON, BELIEVER AND ADMIRER

Sirs:

As an avid booster of Miami's football fortunes, as a great believer in the ability of Andy Gustafson and as a wide-scope admirer of Herman Hickman, I very much appreciate the article which appeared in your April 11 issue of *SI* discussing the possibilities and future of University of Miami's team.

It was obvious that they had the greatest team in the South if not in the nation last year, and if Andy will go so far as to admit that "this year's squad is the best I have ever had," look out, Notre Dame!

GEORGE SMATHEES
United States Senate

Washington, D.C.

PLEASANT SATIRE

Sirs:

Many thanks for the amusing bird-watching story (*SI*, March 21) about Roger Tory Peterson. I thought the yarn a very pleasant and entertaining bit of satire, and I have forwarded two copies to my sons, both of whom are "fellow Harvard men."

R. C. MURPHY
Lamont Curator of Birds

The American Museum
of Natural History
New York

A SPARROW FROM A PEACOCK?

Sirs:

Your golf coverage by Herbert Warren Wind is great as was the preview of the Masters. The photograph of Ben Hogan on the cover was beautiful.

This may shock you (you aren't used to criticism). Oh, that article by Gerald Holland, *Boson Bird Watcher Walks With His Hero*, was simply hilarious. Mr. Holland, who probably doesn't know a sparrow from a peacock (not that that is a sin), writes in a corky, sarcastic way about something he doesn't know anything about. Excuse me if I am wrong. This ridicule has no place in *SI*. Bird watching is a fascinating hobby. How about a good article on it? If you want to be humorous get Parke Cummings. Let Holland stick to such articles as *The Golden Age Is Now*. They are excellent.

GEORGE GELDER

Boston

◆ You're excused. Our Mr. Holland has always treasured the knowledge that the sparrow is a plain, dun-colored or brown-streaked bird (with an occasional unusual marking such as the yellow eyespot of Macgillivray's

seaside sparrow) whose break is well adapted to cracking seed and whose voice, either a low chip-burr or a few short nasal phrases, sounds like a robin with a cold (to use Peterson's apt phrase), whereas the peacock (*Pavo cristatus*), native to India and Ceylon only, and though once much esteemed for the fable, is treasured today in many aviaries and private parks all over the world for its long tail-coverts (with "eyes" at their distal ends), which the male spreads accompanied by shivering and rattling of the quills. He estimates that a normal peacock is about 50 times bigger than the average sparrow.—ED.

THAT DAY IS YEARS AGO

Sirs:

April 11 YESTERDAY 25 *Years Ago* a *Ti* was indeed interesting as well as informative. Joe Oeschger who pitched for the Braves that year 35 years ago is now a physical education instructor at Portola Junior High School and continues to teach the rising generation football, soccer and, above all, baseball. *SI* should be commended on a swell article on a swell guy.

CLIFF BOBBON

San Francisco

SI'S INCENTIVE PLAN

Sirs:

Whenever you omit the *MATCHWIT* PUZZLE the production in our office decreases alarmingly! You see, the puzzles acted as an incentive system, and we were finding that our employees were completing the usual eight hours work in approximately five hours, thereby enabling them to devote the remaining three hours to working your puzzle.

Also, when we formerly observed an employee staring blankly off into space, it was no cause for concern, since we knew that an idea was generating and soon a missing word would be added to the puzzle. We are still noting the blank stares, but now we are at a loss to account for them.

Won't you please put our business back on a profitable and sane basis by publishing these puzzles regularly?

JAMES S. SMITH
President

Smith and Rogers Co.
Huntington Park, Calif.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Sirs:

What have you done to our small community? Instead of arriving at female gatherings with sewing, knitting, etc. in hand the women now arrive with the latest *SI* MATCHWIT PUZZLE. The local gossip is completely neglected and even what is new in *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT* is barely scanned.

Please continue with the *MATCHWITS*, but not too often, so that we may catch up with our "World of Today."

M. O. MACDONALD

Warwick Neck, R.I.

NEVER SLOW

Sirs:

It was a real pleasure to see another *MATCHWIT* PUZZLE and we would like to take this opportunity of letting you know how very much we enjoyed working these

unusual puzzles in the past. Ordinary crossword puzzles now seem dull after solving these unusual puzzles. They are very refreshing and stimulating—and we hope you will have them more often!

We find, however, that working them together, rather than each person alone, is more fun—and with two or three people pooling their knowledge the puzzles are easier to solve. We missed only two letters in the Feb. 7 puzzle.

We think even one of those letters that we had inserted was a better solution than the one given. "It's never slow, too" (No. 47 arrow) is answered as "Fast One." However, something can be relatively fast and also be slow, too, at the same time. A 200 mph plane is a fast one yet grouped with the 300 and 400 mph planes is "slow too" in a race with the 600 mph plane. Whereas, the "last one" in anything relating to speed is never slow too, but is slowest. If two are slow, neither is the last one.

So we think we have improved the solution with "last one" instead of "fast one" because then "Scales have them" (No. 47 down) becomes "last."

We would like to see you print the answers in two weeks rather than a week later because it does take longer than one week to solve them. (Being able to work on them only a limited amount of time.)

Please continue the *MATCHWITS*!

VER. REV. MGR.
J. B. STINGER, J.C.D.

Lebanon, Ill.

JEERS TO CHEERS

Sirs:

They laughed when he stepped out on the dance floor—but their jeers soon changed to cheers.

Seems he had confused that diagram of shot-putting technique (BRIAN HOLK, April 11) with his correspondence course from Arthur Murray's—and now he's the sensation of the rumba-samba-mambo circuit.

You just don't know your own strength.

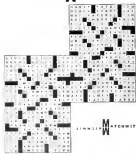
EDITH BLANKENBARD

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

◆ Shall we dance?—ED.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S

11MCHLY M MATCHWIT



11MCHLY M MATCHWIT

PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not its tallest headlines

MRS. ANNE ARCHBOLD

Mrs. Anne Archbold of Washington is well over 80, but age has only whetted her passion for light tackle, deep-sea fishing. Mrs. Archbold, who shot elephants, rhinos, giraffes and leopards in her younger days, took up fishing seriously five or six years ago. Fishing winters in the Bahamas, she has set world records with a 30½-pound dolphin and a 52-pound wahoo, both on 20-pound test line, and a 60-pound wahoo taken on 30-pound test line. Recently she boated a 55½-pound wahoo on 15-pound line to tie another mark.



THE CAMPBELLS

The four Campbell brothers (from left Garnet, 28, Don, 33, Glen, 37, and Lloyd, 40) are wheat farmers from the Saskatchewan hamlet of Avonlea. They also constitute the best curling rink in all of Canada. This year the Campbells swept aside the other 10 provincial teams to win the Briar Tankard, emblematic of Canadian curling supremacy, for Saskatchewan for the first time. Then, "skipped," or directed, by Garnet, the Campbells went on to beat Hibbing, Minn.—U.S. champion—for the North American title.



**THE SPORTING THING
TO WEAR...**



FAMOUS
Norwich Skivvies®

Worn by athletes throughout America, Skivvies give the ease of action so necessary in the world of sport. For tennis, golf, fishing, or just plain relaxing, you will find Norwich Skivvies fill the bill. The famous Norset® process guarantees you perfect fit throughout the life of your Skivvie. Special features are the nylon reinforced collar, the "never-rip" shoulder seams and that tailor-made appearance every man and boy strives for. Made of full combed yarns. Skivvies now come to you in the NEW Duo-Pac. Available in assorted colors.

BY
Norwich



*The exclusive NORSET (Step-Fit) Process protects against shrinkage.

NORWICH MILLS INC., NORWICH, N. Y. Plants: Norwich, N. Y.; Clayton, N. C.

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments



Parliament's exclusive filter moultierent
and superb blend of fine tobacco
give you filtered smoking at its best.
More pleasure comes through
more tars and nicotine are filtered out.



KING SIZE
OR
REGULAR

©1984 Philip Morris Inc.

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY



A PRODUCT OF

Benson & Hedges

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK